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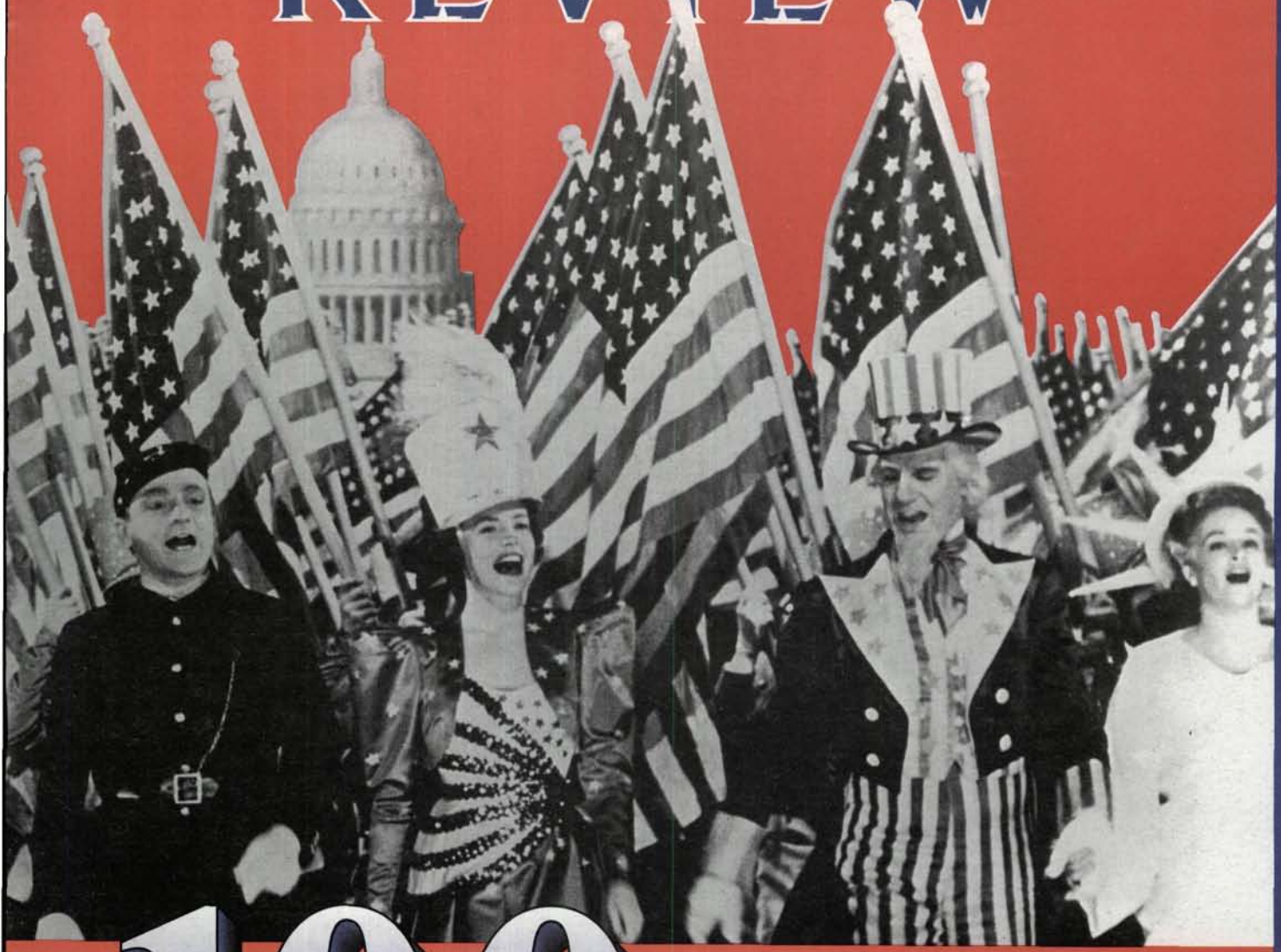

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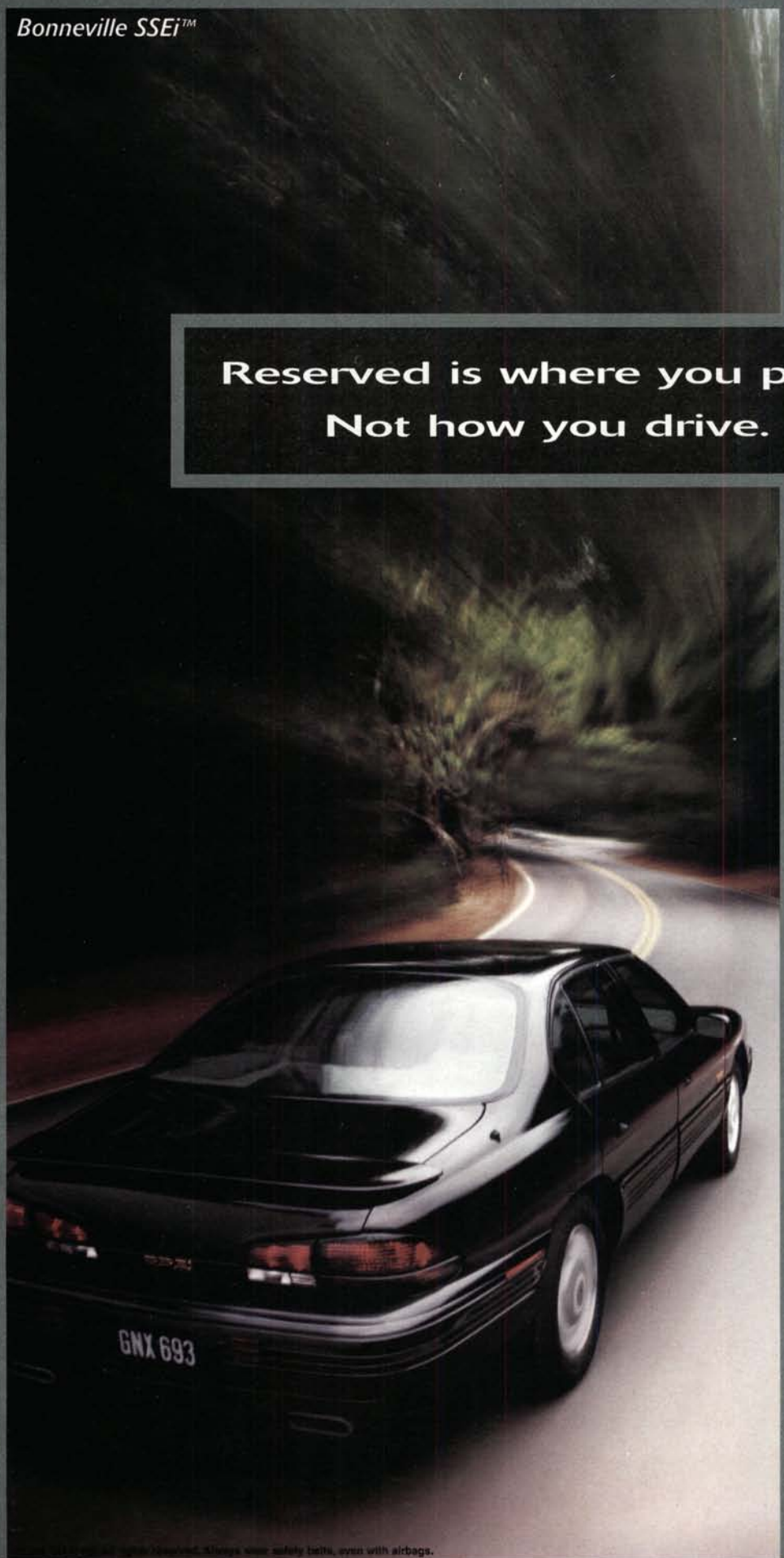

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Letters

Defense of the Pontiff

William McGurn's "The Population Problem" [Sept. 12] argues well in support of Pope John Paul II, but poorly against him.

While McGurn's economics is sound, he fails to see consistency in the arguments of the Holy Father—because the Pope's position is rooted not in economics but in moral theology. For example, it might be possible for an increase in population to have a detrimental effect on social welfare (never mind that it probably won't). This would not make abortion or contraception morally acceptable. To argue that the morality of contraception is based on economics is to claim that the end justifies the means. Pope John Paul's encyclical *Veritatis Splendor* denounces this way of thinking as consequentialism, in which the morality of an act is determined by its likely consequences. Ultimately, McGurn's approach leads to a strange sort of economic determinism, just as mechanistic as that of the population controllers.

On issues of population economics, McGurn's analysis was insightful. The parallels between this topic and the environmental movement are frightening. As with environmentalism, serious study leads to inconclusive results, with many effects pushing in different directions. Every "law" of economic development has dozens of exceptions. But this sells fewer papers than hysterics.

Like McGurn, I would have been happier if the Pope had emphasized the lack of balance in the current economic debate. But it's up to the economists to do economics, leaving the theology to the theologians.

Paul K. Medzerian
Beltsville, Md.

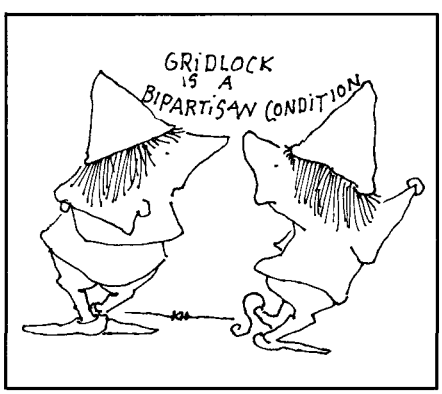
I find William McGurn's account of Pope John Paul II's economic thought perplexing. I have read much of the Pope's writings on economic matters, and have not found the "leftist economic assumptions" Mr. McGurn attributes to him. That Mr. McGurn's article is rather long on such attributions but rather short on references does not strengthen his case.

Mr. McGurn's objections may arise from the fact that he reads some of Pope John Paul II's terms apart from their theological context. A salient example is the term "solidarity," which Mr. McGurn appears to interpret as a call for some sort of global collectivist economic policy.

"Solidarity" has a specific *theological* meaning in the Pope's writings. It is an aspect of charity, not of justice. Pope John Paul II understands the concept of "solidarity" in relation to the more fundamental concept of the "person," an individual whose nature and intrinsic dignity derive from his status as the only being created by God for its own sake. The person is entitled to have his nature and dignity upheld by other persons. Each of us must therefore live in "solidarity" with our fellow man, that is, we must aid him as best we can to fulfill himself as a child of God. Solidarity may include, but does not primarily consist of, material aid.

Nations should live in an analogous solidarity with one another, assisting one another as appropriate in maintaining political and social conditions in which persons may prosper in accordance with their being. Again, this solidarity does not *require* material assistance. In living in solidarity with a poorer nation, a wealthier nation does not imply that it is at fault for the poorer nation's poverty (a point of justice), but simply acknowledges that it is able and willing to assist (a point of charity). Since aid to impoverished nations should be directed ultimately to the spiritual well-being of persons, the concept of solidarity applied to nations cannot imply a collectivist economic doctrine.

Oddly, Mr. McGurn nowhere mentions the cardinal *political* principle of Pope John Paul II's thought: the principle of subsidiarity. This principle maintains that a community of a higher order (e.g., a national government) should not assume responsibilities proper to a community of a lower order (e.g., a city government) unless absolutely necessary. When a national authority does assume local responsibilities, it must do so in a way that restores the local community's ability to act independently. Disaster relief might be an example. Subsidiarity rules out collectivist political and economic doctrines *a priori*.



Finally, I think very few people would accuse the Pope of faint-heartedness, but if he is more gentle in his criticism of certain elements of the adversary culture than we might wish, we should remember that he is first and foremost a pastor. He aims not so much to criticize as to instruct and convert. Although speaking the truth in our time requires stern criticism of dominant cultural trends, Pope John Paul II consciously gives those who would be his adversaries as much credit as justice to the truth permits.

Mitchell Muncy
Dallas, Tex.

I find it interesting that both writers, to varying degrees, believe my differences with Pope John Paul II are primarily economic and political, perhaps owing to an unfortunate sub-headline referring to his "leftist economic assumptions." In point of fact many of these assumptions are shared by those on the Right, especially outside America. What I reject, as I believe orthodox Catholic thinking rejects, is the notion that Christian social teaching may be fundamentally unworkable in the real world. Such a belief runs completely counter to any notion of natural law, and one who would create a world where individuals who did the right thing were actually impoverishing their neighbors would not be God but a monster.

In the run-up to Cairo, Pope John Paul courageously brought to the fore much of the hidden agenda of the population-contol crowd. But his effort has been hampered by his willingness to allow these same people to define problems (overpopulation) whose logical solutions (contraception, abortion) he must oppose. Much of this confusion goes back to an incomplete understanding, expressed frequently in his writings, of how it is that nations develop. I should be delighted to believe, with Mitchell Muncy, that when the Pope talks about "solidarity" he does not mean to imply that poor nations are poor because of rich nations. But this is not what Pope John Paul says when he talks about the "scandalous" gap between rich and

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poor nations, the division between North and South, or the comparison, in Sollicitudo Rei Socialis, *of the developed world to the rich man who lets Lazarus compete with the dogs for his table scraps. This Pope in particular has come a long way in recognizing the role of what he calls "the right to private initiative," but even* Centesimus Annus *implies at points that the cause of Third World poverty is somehow related to the greed of the industrialized world rather than the former's own repressive policies.*

No man has been more admirable in his public witness on behalf of life. But this witness has been hindered by a willingness to accept premises (e.g., that the quality of life has been deteriorating) that simply are not true and have pernicious consequences. In short, it is no coincidence that capitalist societies view people as assets, and not because they consume wealth (as Socialists assume) but because they create it. A Catholic social teaching that recognized these simple truths would find that they strengthen rather than conflict with its profound teachings on family, life, and sexuality. —WMcG

Debating Handicaps

I applaud Thomas J. Murphy for his common-sense insight concerning the problems of mainstreaming handicapped children ["Handicapping Education," Sept. 12].

I am legally blind and spent six years at the Florida School for the Deaf and the Blind in St. Augustine, Florida. I also participated in a mainstreaming program at St. Augustine High School involving several academic classes. I can well attest to the difficult circumstances that can result from these programs.

The solution to this problem is simple. Handicapped children who are not capable of functioning at the level of their non-handicapped counterparts should either attend special-education classes within their local public school or enroll in a state school for the handicapped. Special-education classes are offered in most public schools, and information about them is easily obtained. However, information about state schools for the handicapped (thirty or so states have them) is much harder to find because the proponents of full inclusion have made great strides in blocking school districts from informing parents even of the existence of these institutions.

The benefits of the special-education environment for handicapped children are glaringly obvious. 1) They are given the chance for a decent education, where the curriculum is geared toward meeting their "special needs." In most programs the curriculum objectives and the amount of work required is equal to that of "normal" classrooms, with modifications being made only in areas necessary to deal with the handicap. 2) They receive the attention necessary for quality learning from a professional with specialized training. 3) They develop better social skills because they are able to feel comfortable in the midst of a peer group that accepts them as they are.

The proponents of full inclusion have overlooked the most important point of all. The concept of full inclusion assumes that one is accepted by a particular environment and not considered inferior or freakish. The question then is, When does full inclusion occur? Does it occur when one is "submerged" in an environment, which in this case would imply that full inclusion is inevitable? Or, does full inclusion occur when one enters an environment *after* receiving adequate training and education? I assure you that full inclusion is *not* inevitable in any case, but comes about only if handicapped persons can overcome the boundaries of human nature erected before them. Therefore, it only seems logical that these children should be given the chance to obtain the necessary education and social skills to make it in the world.

Thank you, Mr. Murphy, for bringing to light a situation that deserves the attention of the conservative movement in education.

Jeremy Shears
Rome, Ga.

Mr. Thomas J. Murphy states that inclusion represents ". . . a triumph of liberal ideology over education under the guise of civil rights." Yet his article is accompanied by another article, "Learning Opportunities," which promotes choice of schools as the conservative way.

If choice of schools is the conservative way, why isn't the parents' choice of inclusion within the school also the conservative way? In Hamilton–Wentworth, a 20,000-student district in Hamilton, Ontario, I saw children with such severe disabilities they had to be rolled every hour for therapy, but in between, they attended regular classes, truly showing the worth of the children who had the disabilities. The Hamilton–Wentworth school district is real but Mr. Murphy describes from anecdotal evidence an ideal special-education picture existing only in his mind and the mind of a board member unfamiliar with special education. To anyone familiar with special education, his description is far from reality.

Not content with deploring inclusion, Mr. Murphy stereotypes children with disabilities by implying that all children with disabilities are like the 9-year-old girl and the incontinent 5-year-old boy he uses as examples.

Yet, I can introduce Mr. Murphy to my son, an 18-year-old boy with Down Syndrome (trisomy 21) who has been in inclusive programs in parochial schools from nursery school to high school, which he will finish next year. (He was refused inclusion in the public school.) He scores close to normal range for socialization. He is just as advanced academically as his similarly disabled peers educated in non-inclusive programs, and he has never disrupted a class. He can play gin rummy with Mr. Murphy, discuss Ranger and Met prospects with Mr. Murphy, and, what's more, I'll bet Mr. Murphy has to go to the bathroom before he does.

The contents page states, "Thomas J. Murphy exposes the folly of 'mainstreaming' severely handicapped children. . . ." There is a profound difference between mainstreaming and inclusion.

Edward D. Ryan
New Rochelle, N.Y.

It is frequently dangerous to generalize, and always dangerous to misinterpret. Mr. Ryan succumbs to both temptations. My article criticized those radicals who seek to place in regular classes children who choke and otherwise attack other children, teachers, and staff, continually disrupt classes, and/or can't comprehend any significant part of even a modified curriculum. It certainly did not advocate the exclusion from regular classes of the many thousands of handicapped children who do not fit these categories.

On the question of parental choice, I would hope that Mr. Ryan is not suggesting that parents or anyone else has the right to place dangerous or disruptive children in regular class. Parental choice of schools can't be compared with that concept. Additionally, on the question of parental choice, I would remind Mr. Ryan that the Office of Civil Rights (OCR) has abolished the right of the parents of handicapped children to reject *inclusion and opt for special-education classes.*

Finally, I would suggest that the horror stories of forced mass inclusion of all handicapped children occurring across the country at the behest of OCR or misguided administrators is hardly anecdotal. You may have seen the recent ABC-TV edition of Turning Point *which treated the matter; it showed the ire of the citizens of Baltimore, who called for the resignation or dismissal of their Superintendent of Schools.* —TM

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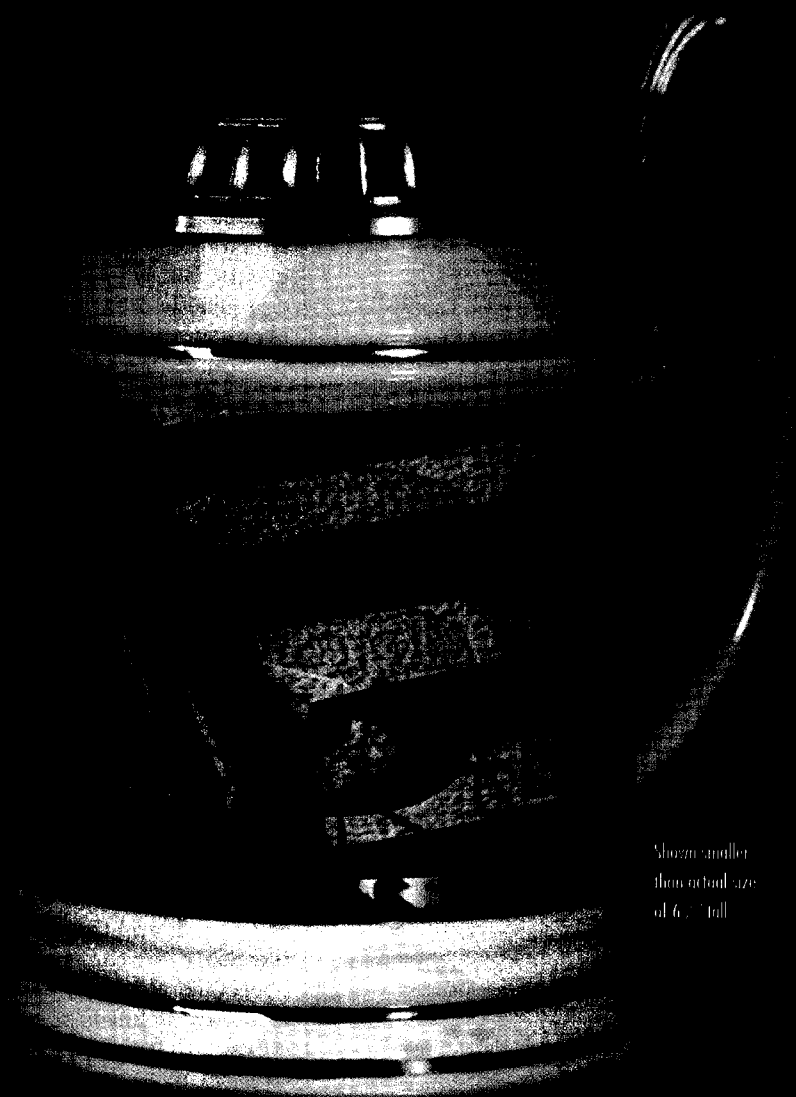

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FROM THE EDITOR

. . . in the Best of All Possible Worlds

■ I can well understand the purpose of a gene which would predispose human beings to excessive optimism in desperate circumstances. It would keep us going in hard times and, given the random element in human life, it would sometimes be justified by events. But what could be the purpose of a genetic predisposition to optimism about desperate circumstances seen from afar? Yet the existence of such a gene could be hypothesized from such events as Western investment in the Soviet Union, the lending by U.S. banks to Latin America in the 1970s, the current U.S. involvement in Haiti, and as R. W. Johnson mordantly delineates in this issue, Western optimism about the success of the new South Africa.

In this latter case, the will to believe that everything is for the best plainly has some roots in ideology. It would be too terrible if the new South African regime turned out to be as oppressive as, and perhaps more corrupt than, the old apartheid regime.

Terrible, that is, for the anti-apartheid activists in Congress, the media, Hollywood, and the churches, who saw the South African conflict as a simple liberal morality play between good and evil. Mr. Johnson's account, demonstrating that the human vices are distributed reasonably evenly among the races and along the political spectrum, must distress them, both because it confirms some of the arguments of their domestic critics on the Right, and because it undermines their own sense of moral superiority. If they were not wholly right, perhaps their opponents were not wholly wicked.

They can best limit their own psychological distress here by a cheerful optimism about South Africa that, among other things, tends to gloss over any suffering by South Africans, white, black, or colored. Since there has in fact been relatively little suffering as yet—by far the worst ANC atrocity, the massacre of Zulu marchers in Johannesburg, occurred in the last days of white rule—they will be able to maintain this cheerfulness for some time to come.

■ Perhaps the Republicans, in trumpeting a triumph in November, are counting their chickens before they're hatched. But I doubt it.

It seems likely that they will indeed make sweeping gains in both Houses of Congress and so be able to announce a historic victory.

But history, like Ol' Man River, just keeps rollin' along. They will neither keep nor increase their gains in later elections if they assume that the voters chose them for their blue eyes alone.

As Michael Vlahos pointed out in his recent cover story, "Are the Parties Over?" Republicans are the less-disliked members of a generally detested political establishment. They can do well only running against Democrats.

Mr. Vlahos's insight and other signs of disaffection were confirmed last week by a *New York Times* poll which found that "As many as 58 per cent of voters would consider supporting a third party." The lesson for the Republicans is clear: a victory this November would give them the chance to win over the voters by following policies that distinguish them from the rest of the political elite. Failure to do this—Beltway business as usual—would ensure that they would suffer a defeat in two years as historic as their likely triumph now.

■ My recent reading, *The Weekend Wodehouse*, included this multicultural confusion:

"'Haven't you heard of Sister Lora Luella Stott?'

"'No. Who is she?'

"'She is the woman who is leading California out of the swamp of alcohol.'

"'Good God!' I could tell by Eggy's voice that he was interested. "Is there a swamp of alcohol in these parts? What an amazing country America is! Talk about every modern convenience.'" —JOHN O'SULLIVAN

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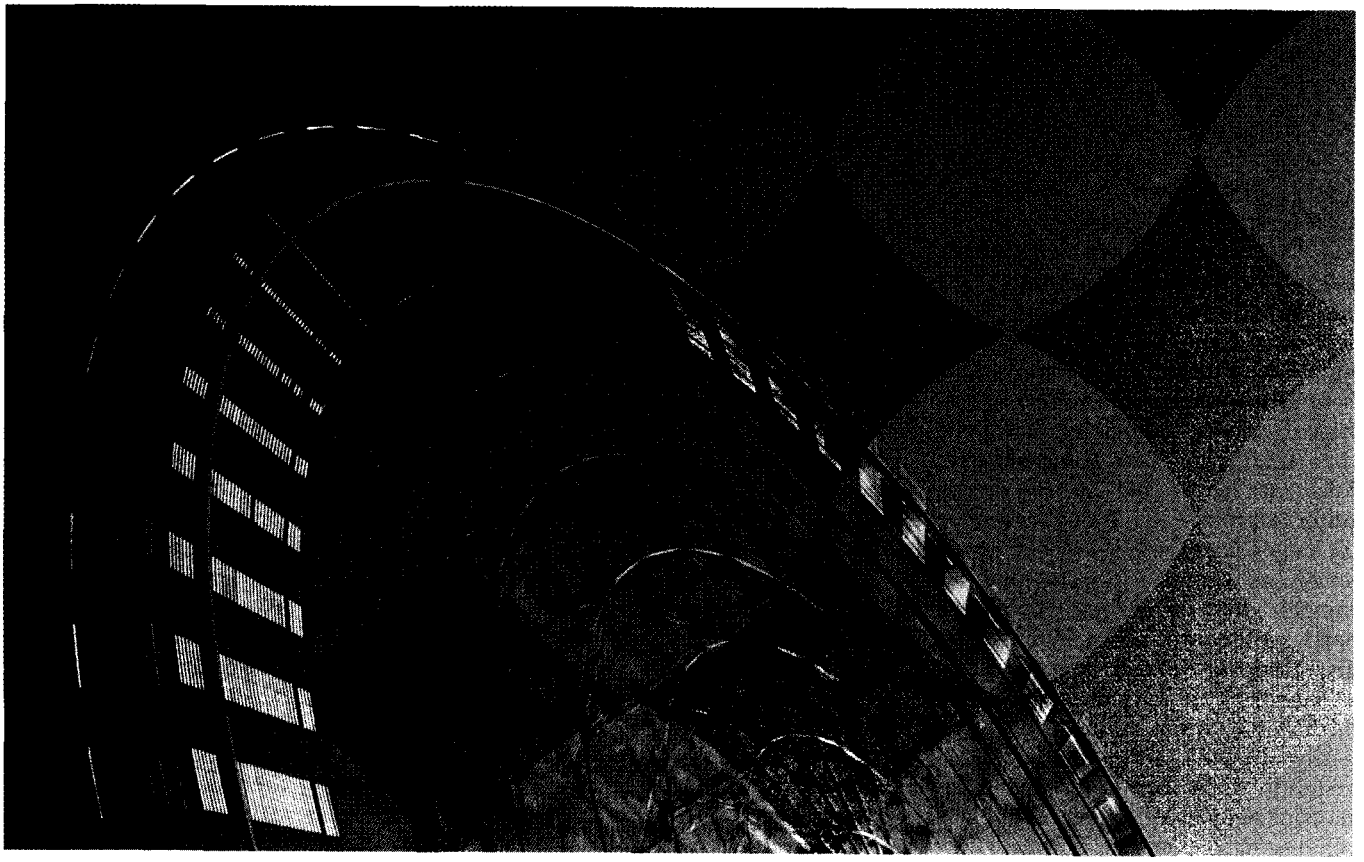

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FOR THE RECORD

■ TV spot ads by Democratic candidates reveal all about electorate's mood. Sen. **Kent Conrad** (D., N.D.) tells camera he supports **Bob Dole** more often than **Bill Clinton**. Liberal Sen. **Jim Sasser** (D., Tenn.) talks about school prayer and return to traditional values. Admeisters for none other than Sen. **Ted Kennedy** (D., Mass.) are portraying him as crime-fighter supreme. . . . Teddy's mysterious endorsement several weeks ago of women as Catholic priests now explained: his senatorial campaign shortly afterward attacked opponent **Mitt Romney** (ahead in some polls) for membership in Mormon Church, which is too "white male." Attack was hastily dropped after Romney cited candidate **Jack Kennedy**'s 1960 injunctions against appealing to religious prejudice in elections.

■ House Republican Whip **Newt Gingrich**'s Contract with America, announced with more than 300 GOP House candidates assembled on Capitol steps, got big media play, accompanied by howls of "fraud" from White House Chief of Staff **Leon Panetta** and other Democrats. . . . Gingrich's courageous charge that the D.C. press corps often serves as "Praetorian Guard of the Left" was bolstered by NBC's coverage in particular. While ABC, CBS, and CNN gave balanced coverage to Contract and critics, NBC's **Lisa Meyers** did blatantly biased, anti-GOP piece. Then her boss, NBC Washington bureau chief **Tim Russert**, was belligerence itself in questioning Gingrich on *Meet the Press*, while lobbing softballs at second guest, House Speaker **Tom Foley** (D., Wash). *Meet the Press* incident should be no surprise: Russert, a non-journalist who previously served as high-level Democratic Party operative, has pushed NBC steadily leftward since taking news job in early 1989. Another non-surprise was reaction of *New York Times* editorial page run by **Howell Raines** of All-Reaganites-Are-My-Moral-Inferiors fame. Editorial said Contract was "deceptive" and "duplicitous propaganda."

■ *Human Events*' 50th anniversary dinner at Mayflower Hotel in Washington, D.C., was smash hit of conservative political season. **Jack Kemp**, **Jesse Helms**, **Phyllis Schlafly**, **Ollie North**, **Pat Buchanan**, and **Ronald Reagan** (via videotape) paid moving tribute to **Tom Winter** and **Alan Ryskind**, longtime editors of the Right's indispensable weekly. *HE*'s new owner, Phillips Communications mogul **Tom Phillips**, also pledged the weekly—which has been gadfly to wayward Republicans as well as Democrats and liberal media—will grow but remain faithful to its ground control mission. . . . Kemp–Buchanan contretemps at dinner provided early defining moment in '96 presidential race. After potential candidate Buchanan needled potential candidate Kemp for large speaking fees and for being "a **Lane Kirkland** Republican," Kemp responded that GOP's job was to hold fast to Reagan principles while reaching out to those who don't usually think of themselves as conservatives. . . . Getting Kemp and Buchanan together at the dinner table was result of "marathon negotiations by President **Jimmy Carter**," cracked host **M. Stanton Evans** (author of long-awaited *The Theme Is Freedom*), whose emceeing left audience wondering how much longer cable television will ignore nation's premier comedic talent.

"Look, he's wrapped in red tape. We've discovered the first bureaucrat."

■ **Kim Jong Il**'s North Korea now stonewalling U.S. in nuke negotiations arranged by Jimmy Carter. "We can report no progress," State Dept. spokesman said tersely about NK's refusal to allow inspections of nuclear sites. NK also accused U.S. of "undisguised military provocations." . . . State Dept.'s **Strobe Talbott** denied to Congress accuracy of memos by UN officials that have him citing November elections as factor in Clinton's decision to occupy Haiti. . . . Russian President **Boris Yeltsin** (latest convert of N.J.'s tax-cutting Gov. **Christine Whitman**?) said during D.C. summit that reducing taxes and ensuring "property rights" are first priority. . . . NAFTA has led to 100,000 new jobs in U.S. and 17 per cent increase in exports to Mexico. . . . Crack bureaucrats of European Union in Brussels come to public's rescue with strict new import standards for bananas—5 1/2 inches long, 1 inch thick, and no unusual bending. . . . Giant panda **Lele** refuses to nurse elder of her recently born twins, so Peking Zookeepers now successfully playing mom to cub.

■ Cold War Coda: Berlin Mayor **Eberhart Diepgen** says departure of American GIs means "a piece of Berlin is leaving with them." "They not only saved our freedom, they saved our evenings," sighed one *Fraulein* about American–Berliner marriages. . . . A 16-year-old German quoted in **Stephen Kinzer**'s *N.Y. Times* dispatch added reverently: "Just about everything we have that's fun comes from the United States. If it weren't for the Americans we wouldn't have baseball caps. We wouldn't have malls or fast-food shops or skateboards. Life just wouldn't be as good."

■ CNN polls report public esteem for Congress at record low. But lawmakers still narrowly more respected than used-car salesmen.

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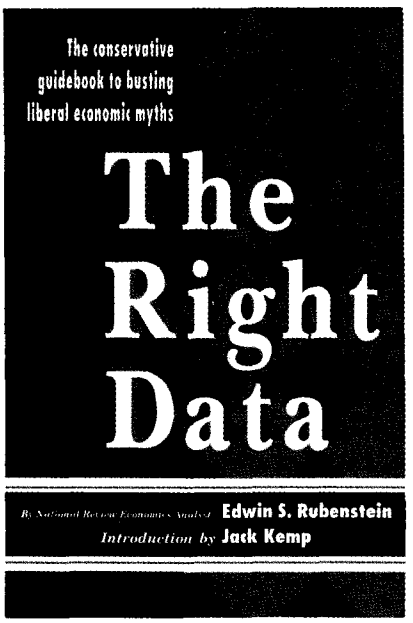
Darkness reigned. For although the deeds of the man known as Reagan had brought labor and plenty for the multitudes, his enemies fell to envy. And the liberal politicians swore oaths and cast aspersions on his deeds, and plotted revenge. And liberal economists sowed lies and deceptions among the multitudes. And the multitudes were confused.

But there came forth light from the pages of the magazine known as *National Review*, beloved by many for its wisdom. And the light which it brought forth blinded the legions of deception, and shone on the truth of the decade known as the Eighties. And bearing witness to the truth was the man known as Edwin S. Rubenstein, the Economics Analyst of *National Review*, who smote the liberal lies in his column "Right Data." And bearing further witness to the truth was "The Real Reagan Record," which was brought forth to much acclaim, but for the evildoers, who cursed it, and which set right the deeds of the man known as Reagan. And the editors of the magazine known as *National Review* saw the multitudes hunger for the economic truth on taxation, welfare, health care, income distribution, the deficit, federal spending, government regulations, and more. And they saw the multitudes yearning for deliverance from the economic deceptions that fell from the mouths of liberals.


The conservative guidebook to busting liberal economic myths
The Right Data
By National Review Economics Analyst Edwin S. Rubenstein
Introduction by Jack Kemp

And the editors of the magazine known as *National Review* gathered up all the works of the man known as Rubenstein, and had him collect hundreds of charts and graphs that spoke with clarity on the many issues on which the multitudes yearned for truth. And the man known as Rubenstein did thus, and he called his charts and graphs "Raw Data." And to these things was joined "The Real Reagan Record."

And the editors of the magazine known as *National Review* brought forth these things as a book, which measured over 400 pages, unto which the man known as Jack Kemp, the one detested by the tax collectors, offered an Introduction. And it was pleasing to the eye, and the laymen rejoiced because its words of truth were easy to understand and smote the wicked economic distortions of the liberals. And they called the book ***The Right Data***, and they sold it for $14.95, which was a savings of $3.00 off the cover price. And the multitudes declared the book affordable. And the critics sung its praises. And the editors of the magazine known as *National Review* proclaimed it to be a wonderful gift idea, which ***The Right Data*** is. And the liberal economists, the politicians, and the tax collectors hurled epithets and plucked at their beards and ground their teeth as they cursed the light that emanated from ***The Right Data***. But the light reigned.

And those with wisdom will be not sore afraid but will act with haste and use the form below and order ***The Right Data***. For Lo! they will rejoice in its truth and marvel at its wondrous deeds.

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THE WEEK

■ Once he realized he could no longer be effective, Agriculture Secretary Mike Espy submitted his resignation, and Don Tyson accepted it.

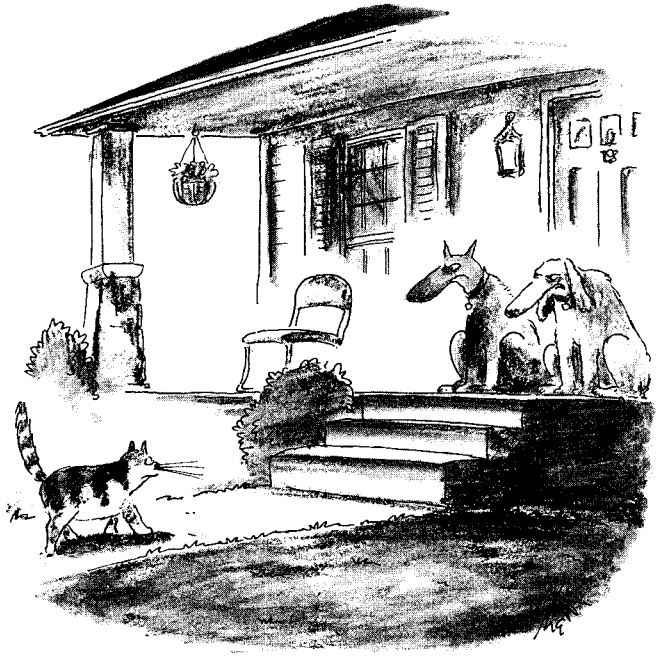
■ He could have stayed with more responsibility, more money, and a bigger office. But Dee Dee Myers wouldn't intercede for him.

■ Doubts about the Republicans' "Contract with America" should be mostly relieved by the ferocity of the Democratic attacks on it. There were grounds for worrying that the Contract was too tepid to have an impact. But even its fairly limited tax cuts and its Balanced Budget Amendment have been enough to send Democrats into rhetorical overdrive. "All told," Dick Gephardt declaimed, "their Contract would blow a hole in the federal budget of roughly $1 trillion." This is baldly ridiculous (whatever its flaws a Balanced Budget Amendment is not going to cause higher deficits), but the more such charges the better. They have the effect of nationalizing the election, placing the Democrats in opposition to a national reform agenda that roughly 60 per cent of Americans support. The election thus becomes about the direction of the country rather than about local bridges and courthouses—in short, a political environment in which Republicans can thrive. Why have Democrats taken Newt Gingrich and Dick Armey's shrewdly crafted bait? First, they're desperate for an issue. Second, the Contract—with its term limits, huge cuts in committee staff, requirement for "super-majorities" to pass tax increases, etc.—constitutes a genuine threat to imperial Liberaldom. Fighting to save it is where Washington Democrats have to be, and exactly where Republicans want them.

■ Last week, the Clinton Administration proved that it could bring forth gridlock out of political consensus. Attorney General Janet Reno and INS Commissioner Doris Meissner did not even wait for the ink to dry on the report of the Commission on Immigration Reform, chaired by Barbara Jordan, before rejecting its key recommendations. The bi-partisan commission called for an electronic databank showing who is eligible for work and a national registry of birth information, as means of combatting illegal immigration. These sensible recommendations already enjoy support from senators as diverse as Alan Simpson and Dianne Feinstein. Given the choice between doing something about illegal immigration and *appearing* to do something about it, however, the Administration has opted for the latter. "We do not support the idea of a national registry," was the Administration's swift response. Then Miss Reno unveiled "Operation Gatekeeper," a plan to beef up the border patrol around San Diego. This will quickly become "Operation Speed Bump"—a minor inconvenience to illegal immigrants, not an answer to illegal immigration. Voters in California are already in open revolt over illegal immigration. They are not likely to be assuaged by a policy that merely appears to be getting tough.

■ The *New York Times* offers this guide for the perplexed about Haiti: "As Pentagon leaders described it, their mission is not to protect Haitians from a repressive regime, but to help stabilize the country to permit the elected Government to retake power." By all means, let the repression be carried out by duly elected dictators.

■ In the great moderate Republican tradition of sticking it to conservatives whenever possible, Senator Nancy Kassebaum (R., Kan.), fresh from collaborating with Democrats to pass the crime bill, has now helped to deep-six school prayer. Her victim: an amendment proposed by Representative Sam Johnson (R., Tex.) to cut off federal education funds for schools that deny students the right to participate in voluntary, constitutionally protected school prayer. Despite three lopsided House votes this year supporting the amendment, Mrs. Kassebaum—who holds a black belt in these tac-



"Since he's a personal acquaintance, I think it best that I recuse myself."

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"Once, I carried concrete paving blocks."

– Attache of Terry C. Plauché, Landscape Architect, Mobile, Alabama

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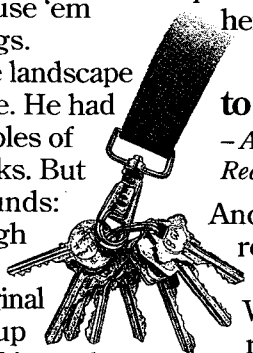
"Leah keeps me in stitches."

– Attache of Leah Witzig, Quiltmaker, State College, Pennsylvania

She stuffs them with fabrics, scissors, spools of thread, even her lunch.



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tics—gutted the amendment during a House–Senate conference, replacing Mr. Johnson's proviso with "compromise" language that bars funds only in cases where a school violates a court order to allow such prayer. The beauty of this is that schools never violate such orders because courts never issue them. When it comes to conservative proposals, Mrs. Kassebaum and her fellow moderate Republicans are anything but moderate.

■ With the jig now officially up on health-care reform, President Clinton is expected to dispatch Jimmy Carter, Colin Powell, and Sam Nunn on a mission to convince Ira Magaziner to leave the country.

■ Across-the-board tax and spending cuts have triumphed again, this time in the Maryland GOP gubernatorial primary, where underdog Ellen Sauerbrey unexpectedly trounced establishment Republican Helen Bentley. Mrs. Sauerbrey must now face Prince George's County Executive Parris Glendening, a card-carrying member of the liberal Democratic establishment that has ruled Maryland for over twenty years. State income taxes there are seventh highest in the U.S., third highest when local taxes are included, and 44 per cent higher than the national average. *U.S. News & World Report* recently ranked the state's economic performance as 46th in the nation since 1990, even worse than the District of Columbia. In his 12 years as County Executive, Mr. Glendening has presided over the decay of a once-prosperous D.C. suburb. Undeterred by his County failures, he proposes as governor to lift restrictions on Medicaid abortions and increase state aid to education, disingenuously arguing that this can be done without higher taxes. Mrs. Sauerbrey intends to pursue her tax-cutting, anti-government, pro-family-values themes. A Sauerbrey victory would send an important message to national Republicans and Democrats alike: conservatism is now nibbling at the very edge of the Beltway.

■ Another interesting race is shaping up in Rhode Island's 1st Congressional District, where Kevin Vigilante and Patrick Kennedy are vying for an open seat. Both candidates come from prominent families: Mr. Vigilante is the brother of a former *NR* articles editor, and Mr. Kennedy is the son of the senior senator from Massachusetts. There the resemblance ends. Patrick Kennedy is a state legislator who has never held a real job, a down-the-line liberal, and a callow 26-year-old being pushed to Washington by the family machine. Kevin Vigilante, 39, is a physician who has spent years working in inner-city hospitals, and an articulate and well-informed conservative. Their highest-profile clash so far was on the Clinton health-care plan. Mr. Kennedy bought it; Dr. Vigilante said it would "deprive patients of choice . . . create massive bureaucracy . . . [and] force a huge tax hike." Patrick Kennedy lost that round. If the voters are smart, he'll lose again in November.

■ It's pleasant to see Mario Cuomo struggling to keep his head above water, after so many years of acting as if he could walk on it.

■ A recent study published in the *Journal of the American Medical Association* adds to the already considerable evidence that moderate alcohol consumption reduces the risk of heart disease. Based on blood samples drawn from 631 physicians, the researchers found that subjects who consumed one or two drinks a day had higher levels of an enzyme that helps break down blood clots than teetotalers did. This finding may help explain why many previous studies have found that moderate drinking is associated with a lower risk of heart attacks. But although the association is well established, the Bureau of Alcohol, Tobacco, and Firearms will not permit brewers, vintners, and distillers to discuss it publicly, and the surgeon general's warning on every bottle of beer, wine, and liquor deals only with the health *hazards* of alcohol consumption. Too bad the Fairness Doctrine doesn't apply to federal regulators.

■ Who would have imagined that the British could produce a TV mini-series to match the soaring emotional highs and lows (mostly lows) of *Dallas*? Not the British themselves, who regularly hoot off the screen the lackluster local imitations of Great American Schlock. But they may have despaired too soon. How's this for a plot? Heir-to-Throne falls in love-at-first-sight with unattached, eminently suitable, aristocratic young gel on eve of departure for royal tour abroad. Returns to find that she, unaware of his love, has married another. But their passion will not be denied. They effect a guilty liaison, which slowly ripens into a deep affectionate love. Then, stern duty intervenes: to ensure the royal succession he gives her up and marries another innocent young girl. But she is giddy and thoughtless and cannot share his deep interest in architecture, the environment, and Eastern religions.

On the Ropes

Tom Foley looks puffy as Sharkey
  When Dempsey went in for the kill.
Robb clings in the clinches like Schmeling,
  And Kennedy's taking a spill.
At ringside, the patrons turn ugly
  As Hillary kicks the TV,
While hubby exhibits his footwork,
  Which nobody's paying to see.

W. H. VON DREELE

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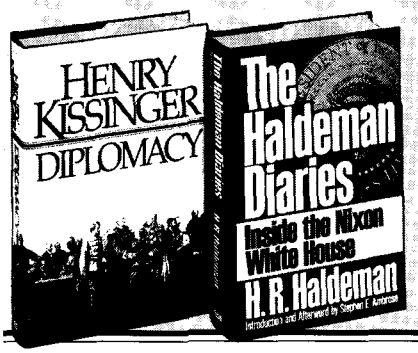

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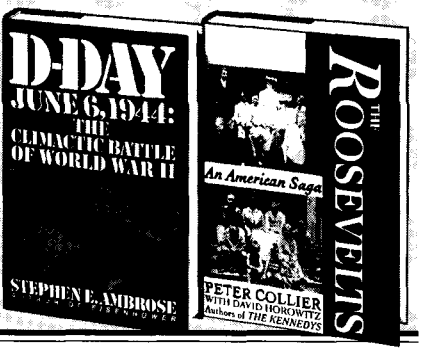

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They drift apart, she sickens, the world looks sadly on, bewildered. Then the reason for her wasting disease is sensationally revealed: he has returned to his first love. The world reviles him as a cold-hearted adulterer, but the Prince, too proud to defend himself, endures the slights and sneers. His throne is threatened. Still he says nothing. Then *another* book reveals sensationally that, before the Prince returned to his first love, the Princess had stolen moments of happiness with her riding instructor (no laughing at the back, please), supposedly an officer and a gentleman, but in fact a Cad and a Bounder, who now tells the most intimate details of their secret trysts in prose shamelessly stolen from a Harlequin romance. Is the Prince a wronged man, his silence the silence of chivalry? Is the Princess's work for AIDS charities now compromised? Can the Monarchy survive the Royal Family? Tune in for the next thrilling episode of *Dynasty,* in which Alexis (Joan Collins) reveals how, as a young novice nun, she was seduced into a life of sin by Prince Philip (Taki Theodoracopoulos).

■ To emphasize that she's not discouraged by being demoted to First Lady, Hillary Rodham Clinton quoted Eleanor Roosevelt: "A woman is like a tea bag; when she is in hot water, she just gets stronger." Ahh, that is the Eleanor we remember, muddled as ever. Of course it's the *tea* that gets stronger; the tea bag just gets soggy and useless.

■ Bones found in the Ethiopian desert prove the existence of humans over four million years ago. A stone tablet discovered nearby bears crude markings which translate as "Democrats push tax increase."

In Recovery

BY THWARTING the attempted Clinton coup against the health-care system, the Republicans effected their most complete and significant (even if negative) legislative victory since the 1981 Reagan tax cuts. But in this battle some Republicans stood out while others copped out. Herewith, a guide.

The winners: **Phil Gramm:** A year ago, when all of Washington was a-twitter over the idea of a government overhaul of health care, Senator Gramm was almost alone in saying no. He never stopped saying it—intelligently and powerfully. This is what principled leadership looks like. **Bob Dole:** It was a tortuous road, but with his uncanny sense of political timing, Mr. Dole led Democratic "reform" into a ditch. He kept GOP moderates on board until the perfect moment came to introduce his own "minimalist" bill and let the moderates huff off into "mainstream" oblivion. A virtuoso performance. **Bob Packwood:** Perhaps no other Republican knows more about health care or has invested as much in its reform. But Mr. Packwood realized that some ideas he had earlier endorsed—like the employer mandate—just wouldn't work when thrown into the Clinton stew. He led the day-to-day fight against Clinton–Mitchell ("Lethal Weapon"), and was invaluable. **Paul Coverdell:** On health care, a wolf in moderate's clothing. Mr. Coverdell was energetic and persistent in coordinating tactics with conservative grass-roots groups. He's to be taken seriously. **Newt Gingrich:** He kept Republicans in the House (which mostly sat out the health-care endgame) united and aggressive from the start.

The losers: **John Chafee:** Senator Chafee crossed the line between just deviating from the Republican approach to health care and actively opposing it. Rhode Island voters won't punish him this year, but his fellow Republican senators should: Mr. Chafee can do without his ranking spot on the Environment and Public Works Committee. **Sheila Burke:** Bob Dole's liberal-leaning chief of staff finally did her boss's bidding on health care, but not without sometimes seeming to contradict the senator in public. Sorry, Miss Burke—semi-socialized medicine will have to wait. **Nancy Kassebaum:** Dreadful. First she mounted no more than token opposition to Ted Kennedy's bill in the Labor Committee, and then she couldn't decide whether she was with Chafee or Dole on health care. **Fred Grandy:** Remember "Cooper–Grandy," the proud-to-be-Clinton-Lite bill? No one else does. And after Mr. Grandy steps down this year—having lost in a nasty bid to upset sitting Iowa Governor Terry Branstad—no one will remember him either.

Above all, believers in the power of ideas (and the fax machine) can take heart from the influence of **Bill Kristol** and his Project for the Republican Future. It was Mr. Kristol, with his faxed memos to Republican leaders, who first advanced the notion that there was no health-care crisis—a scandalous break with orthodoxy at the time, now a commonplace. Throughout the debate, Mr. Kristol was a step ahead, and a notch to the right, of Hill Republicans. Eventually, they almost all caught up. Republicans would be well advised (if they don't get control of Congress) to stick to a Kristol-style program of intelligent obstruction over the next two years. As long as it's Bill Kristol they're aping, "me-too" Republicans may be the best kind.

The Pipes Are Calling

THE REAL possibility that Teddy Kennedy might lose his seventh Senate election to a fresh-faced, moderate, and hitherto unknown Republican, 47-year-old Mitt Romney, has many causes. In a year of anti-incumbent sentiment, Ted Kennedy has been around forever (only three sena-

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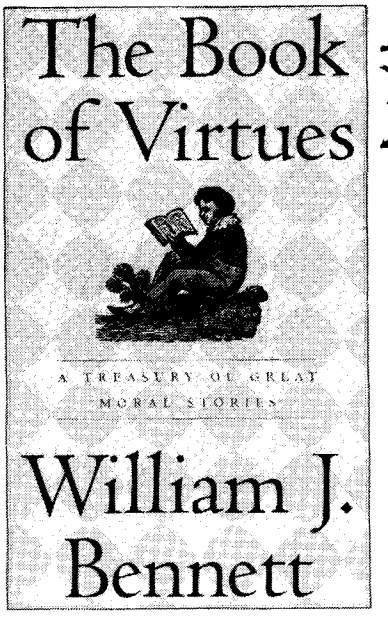

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>
> It belongs, however, in every home. *The Book of Virtues* is a superb collection, certain to fortify you and yours for a lifetime of morality, goodness, and right thinking."

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tors have more seniority). In an Administration in which liberalism has tried, for the *n*th time, to reinvent itself and, for the *n*th time, failed, Senator Kennedy is an unreconstructed Great Society liberal. In an era when politicians' private lives are mercilessly examined, Mr. Kennedy's lapses are treated indulgently, even by feminists, who in this one case take the view that "the political is the personal."

The Kennedy campaign showed desperation in its latest maneuver, attacking Mr. Romney, a Mormon, for Mormonism's positions on blacks and women. (The church did not admit blacks until 1978, and it does not allow women ministers.) Mr. Romney responded by quoting John Kennedy's 1960 speech to the Protestant ministers in Houston, wherein he declared that "I do not speak for my church on public matters, and the church does not speak for me." As it happens, JFK's position was not satisfying. Religion and politics do interpenetrate, most recently in the civil-rights and abortion struggles. The relevant question is: *How* is religion being brought into politics? As a way of morally illuminating political debate? Or as a cheap appeal to one's co-religionists or to secular liberal opinion suspicious of religion in any context?

The significance of Teddy's Mormon-baiting was not intellectual, but political in just this second way. That he should resort to a ploy which could be attacked using the words of his own brother shows a loss of nerve, or brain death, or both. The summer's gone, and all the roses dying, and not a term too soon.

Not Pacific Gestures

LISTENING to the rhetoric of Clinton trade negotiator Mickey Kantor and Commerce Secretary Ron Brown, you would think that thousands of samurai warriors stood armed and ready at all hours of the day and night to stop American exports from landing on Japanese shores. Nothing could be further from the truth.

Since 1986, U.S. exports to Japan have soared by $21 billion, or 78 per cent. In fact, despite the prolonged economic slump in Japan, where total spending is rising by only 1 per cent annually, the U.S. so far this year has increased exports to that country by another $4 billion, or 7 per cent. This shows strong American penetration of the Japanese market.

But Mr. Clinton's strategic traders are obsessed with the notion of managed trade, whereby every U.S. business sector is *entitled* to a numerical market share. This statist economic nonsense is the trade counterpart to nationalized health care. It cannot succeed, and along the way financial markets have been constantly disturbed by the U.S. threat of dollar devaluation, even though the U.S. depends on Japanese investment flows to finance our savings shortfall.

Fortunately, last-minute negotiations resulted in an agreement to "open" Japanese glass, insurance, and government-procurement markets. So, instead of labeling Japan a super-301 unfair trader, which would require U.S. sanctions, Kantor & Co. settled on a lower-level Section 301 decision to investigate the Japanese replacement-car-parts market over the next 12 to 18 months. In the longer term, however, the U.S. has not solved its domestic problem of spending and consuming too much and saving and investing too little. That is the ultimate source of our chronic trade deficit with Japan and all other countries—and the Administration is making it worse.

President Clinton's high-tax fiscal policies merely reduce the after-tax returns on saving and investment, in contrast to Japan's decision to implement an across-the-board cut in tax rates which will boost spending, saving, and investment. If the Administration were truly serious about U.S. competitiveness, it would end the double and triple taxation of corporate and personal incomes, capital gains, business depreciation, interest, and dividends. But Washington prefers government solutions to market ones; the samurais in Japan and the U.S. may have to maintain their guard.

Spooks Amok

With atmospherics clubby
  As when the British moles
Joshed Smiley while he whiskered
  The entrance to their holes,
The CIA's in Haiti
  To covertly assist
While ten-foot poles keep poking
  At Ames's little list.

W. H. VON DREELE

Socialism in One City

CONVENTIONAL wisdom says that rent control is a terminal disease: once you've got it, you never get rid of it. New York still has rent control from a "temporary" emergency during World War II. Paris has it from World War I. Cambridge, Massachusetts, however, may be about to prove the conventional wisdom wrong.

On November 8, Massachusetts voters will have the chance to abolish rent control in a statewide ballot referendum initiated by Cambridge property owners, who took their case statewide after suffering 22 years of draconian oppression by the local government.

As in many communities dominated by educated

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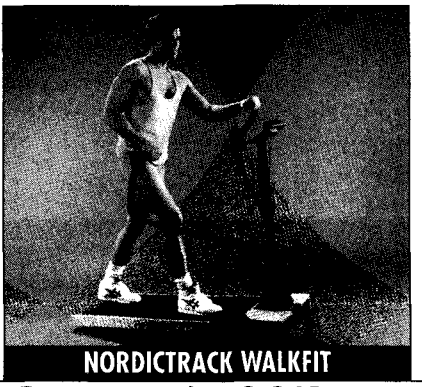

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elites (Berkeley, Santa Monica), rent control began almost as a lark in the 1970s, when it was spearheaded by a group of Harvard graduate students. Although advertised as "helping the poor," rent control mostly benefits high-income professionals A 1992 study by housing consultant Rolf Goetz found that the elderly and the poor remain concentrated in the unregulated sector (small, owner-occupied buildings), where scarcity pushes rents higher. Horror stories abound. Vinny Bologna, a Sicilian immigrant, has been forced to live in a garage with his wife and two children ever since the Cambridge Rent Control Board ruled that he had to rent his home—which he had renovated himself—to a wealthy psychiatrist. The psychiatrist put her daughter through Harvard Law School while living rent-free at Mr. Bologna's expense. Val Jean Cox, a middle-aged beauty-shop operator, was sued for $20,000 in "overcharges" after the Rent Control Board ruled that her three-unit building was no longer "owner-occupied." Mrs. Cox

Right Data

Malthus Does Cairo

ONCE AGAIN the fear that population will outstrip the world's carrying capacity is spooking the population establishment. Ignored at the UN's Cairo conference was some very good news. Revised UN statistics show that between 1990 and 1994 world population grew at 1.57 per cent annually, significantly below the 1.73 per cent rate of the previous 15 years. Although the number of people being added to world population is larger than ever—about 93 million per year—the population growth rate is currently at the lowest level since the end of World War II.

The population "explosion" has fizzled largely because women throughout the world are having fewer children. Total fertility rates (the average number of births per woman) fell from 6 in 1960 to 3.3 in 1993. In most of Western Europe, the U.S., Japan, Taiwan, Korea, Hong Kong, and even China, fertility rates are below the replacement level. (Replacement is 2.1, reflecting the fact that some children will not reproduce.) Indeed, population in Eastern Europe has already started falling; Germany is thought likely to start losing population in the next year or two.

Behind Population: Births, Deaths, and Income

	Population Millions	Population % Increase	Births Per Woman	Infant Mortality Rate(*)	Per-capita Income
China	1,179	1.2%	1.9	53	$ 370
India	897	2.1	3.9	91	330
U.S.	258	0.8	2.0	9	22,560
Russia	149	0.1	1.7	20	3,220
Bangladesh	114	2.4	4.9	116	220
Dev. World	1,230	0.4	1.8	14	15,420
Less Dev. (ex. China)	3,097	2.3	4.4	82	1,080

Source: Population Reference Bureau, 1993.
* Deaths in first year per 1,000 births.

Ninety-five per cent of population growth is in the Third World, where women still have, on average, twice as many children as their counterparts in developed countries. Studies show that the vast majority of these babies are *wanted*. To explain this apparent conundrum (why would a poor family want another mouth to feed?), economists Peter Bauer and Julian Simon note that children in poor lands are a source of wealth and income to their parents. As incomes rise, infant mortality usually falls. Eventually people realize that fewer births are needed to maintain a given family size. They adjust fertility accordingly.

This naturally occurring "demographic transition" has proved a far more effective population curb than birth control. In the early nineteenth century, for example, Britain's population grew at rates far exceeding those of twentieth-century India. But Britain got rich. By the end of the century, long before modern contraceptives were even imagined, British fertility rates dropped substantially. Conversely, after a quarter-century of readily available birth control, less than half of Indian couples surveyed in 1990 reported using modern contraceptives.

Britain's demographic transition was mirrored in the rest of the Western world, including the United States. It is occurring, albeit far more slowly, in the Third World today. According to the World Bank, per-capita income in low-income economies rose by 3.9 per cent per annum between 1980 and 1991 (compared to the 2.3 per cent in industrial countries). Only Africa, where governments routinely interfere with markets, is losing economic ground.

Whither world population? The consensus forecast sees a doubling, to about 11 billion, by the year 2150, at which time the population curve stops rising. Global food production, which has outpaced population growth by, on average, 1 per cent per year since the late 1940s, should easily keep pace.

—Ed Rubenstein

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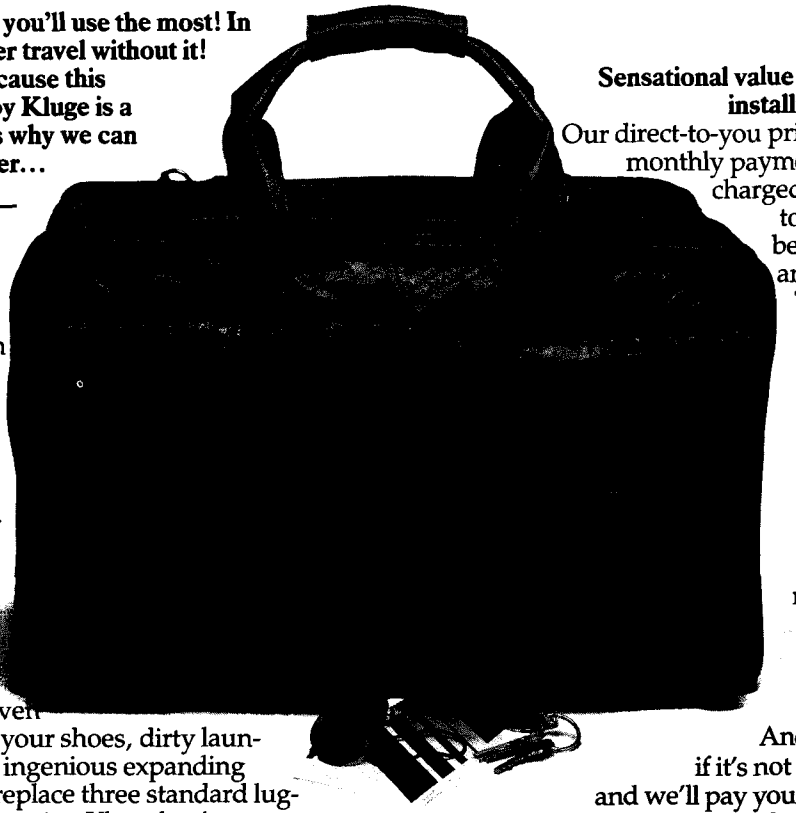

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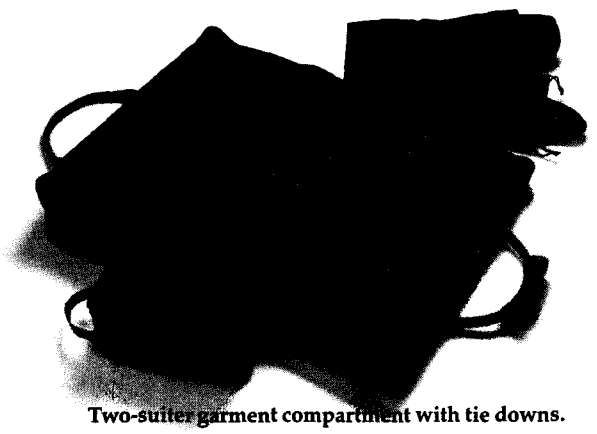

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had left her apartment for a few weeks to tend to her ailing 87-year-old mother.

Meanwhile, the well-connected reap the benefits. Ruth Abrams, a Massachusetts Supreme Court Justice, lives in a $718-a-month rent-controlled apartment. Cambridge Mayor Ken Reeves still occupies the same apartment he rented as a Harvard Law student in 1973. Prince Frederik, heir to the Danish throne, secured a rent-controlled lease near Harvard Square when he arrived at Harvard in 1992. (He withdrew when the story made the papers.)

Whether voters in other parts of the state can be convinced that rent control is their issue as well is another question. Jeffrey Miron, chairman of the economics department at Boston University, believes they can. "All Massachusetts communities depend on state aid," he says. "Because rent control lowers the value of property, Cambridge receives more than its share. It's not just landlords who pay the price. It's every taxpayer in Massachusetts."

Broth of a Boy

AGAINST the advice of the State Department, President Clinton has decided to recognize Sinn Fein, the "political wing" of the terrorist IRA, and to authorize U.S. officials to hold talks with it. Vice President Gore informed Sinn Fein President Gerry Adams of this in a telephone call to him at the home of Ethel Kennedy, where he was staying in the course of his American trip.

Exactly what has Mr. Adams done to deserve such regard? He has promised that the IRA will stop murdering people for the time being. This promise implies that he has some power in these matters. If so, he is presumably responsible for at least some of the IRA's murders and maimings over the last 25 years. And there is evidence to that effect. Ten years ago, the respected British investigative television program *World in Action* alleged that Mr. Adams had been responsible for a string of terrorist crimes as an active member of the Provisional IRA. For instance, in 1978, when he was the IRA's chief of staff, it bombed the La Mon restaurant just outside Belfast, burning 12 people to death.

British libel law is far more strict than our own. If these charges had been false, Mr. Adams could have sued and won huge damages. He did not do so. He now has a second opportunity, since *The Spectator* has just rehashed them. For instance: "A 22-year-old Catholic, John McEnnis, . . . was attacked when his father refused to hand over some guns Mr. Adams believed he was hiding. Two unidentified men held John McEnnis down while a third shot him in the neck. The next day Mr. Adams was seen outside John McEnnis's front door, brandishing a gun and warning his distraught family not to talk to the police." Unless Mr. Adams now takes legal action against *The Spectator*, we must conclude that this is an accurate description of Mrs. Kennedy's guest.

Of course, Mr. Adams claims that he is not a member of the IRA and has had no part in murder (apart from giving it general moral support). If that claim were true, however, he could claim no credit for ending the murder campaign. He claims such credit all the same. Indeed, he threatens that the IRA may resume the killing if its demands are not met.

These threats are given greater force by the fact that in the Catholic districts of Northern Ireland, the IRA is enforcing law and order with, according to the London *Independent,* "baseball bats, iron bars, pick-axe handles, and, in one case, a cudgel studded with nails." Such displays have two effects on the law-abiding. They produce gratitude that someone is tackling local hoods who break into houses and steal car radios. And they remind them, none too subtly, just who is boss—in case the IRA should decide to resume operations down the line.

The likelihood of renewed terrorism is increased when a U.S. Administration encourages the terrorists to hold out for their maximum demands by giving them diplomatic respectability. Why? Presumably to win Irish-American votes in November. But Irish-America has outgrown the romantic historical myths that today conceal a squalid mixture of terrorism and thuggery. Gerry Adams can deliver even fewer votes in Boston than in Belfast. And the price of those few votes is shaking hands with murder.

Cold War II?

BORIS YELTSIN'S summit visit to the United States offered a vignette of the difficult U.S.–Russian relationship that is developing. No longer are such summits dominated by solicitous discussions of how to help weak, democratic Russia recover economically; instead they are dominated by geopolitical issues on which the two powers will find multiplying controversies, especially if the Clinton Administration continues to misread its own country's public opinion.

A clash on Bosnia was finessed at the summit by an Administration decision to postpone lifting the arms embargo against the Muslims; this delay (in defiance of an act of Congress) may only postpone a U.S.–Russian quarrel, given the sentiment in this country in favor of helping the Muslims.

A U.S. effort to dissuade the Russians from selling weapons to Iran apparently failed. President Yeltsin agreed to limit future sales but insisted on fulfilling existing contracts—including the third Kilo-class submarine which so worries the U.S. Navy. On negotia-

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tions that would limit ballistic-missile defenses—likely to be an explosive issue in the next Congress—the two sides pledged merely to resolve the remaining issues "in the shortest possible time."

Most ominous is the devil's bargain that the Administration has apparently struck with Moscow over Haiti. The Clintonistas suffer from the delusion that we require UN permission to act in Haiti. So, in order to secure Russia's vote in the Security Council, the Administration has reportedly assured Moscow of our general support for Russian "peacekeeping" interventions within the borders of the former USSR. The "Commonwealth of Independent States" is to be granted the status of a "regional organization" under Chapter VIII of the UN Charter, entitling Russia not only to UN blessing but also (potentially) to UN funding for its military adventures. Thus we will have compromised our own freedom of action in the Western Hemisphere and simultaneously legitimized a free hand for Russia within its old imperial borders.

On the eve of Mr. Yeltsin's visit, his foreign intelligence chief, Yevgeny Primakov, published a report that treated the reintegration of the post-Soviet "Eurasian space" under Russian tutelage as a "natural, historical trend" which the West should accept. Mr. Yeltsin said essentially the same in his UN speech.

Republicans needn't wait till after the election to point out that this Administration's Russia policy is a prime example of its geopolitical and moral obtuseness.

Junk Science

DOES the government encourage junk science? Sure, said 68 per cent of scientists surveyed by the Advancement of Sound Science Coalition. The coalition had a survey group choose physicians at random from an AMA list and natural scientists from the Dunhill International listing of scientists and researchers. Of the 508 surveyed, 83 per cent said government officials misuse science to bolster their predetermined position on controversial issues such as asbestos, smoking, dioxin, and pesticides; 68 per cent said researchers are under strong pressure to produce politically correct results; 82 per cent think the public "over-reacts" to environmental health threats because they are rarely explained properly.

Speaking of which, the newsletter *EPA Watch* has published a fascinating account of the origins of the one-in-a-million risk rule that is used daily by federal agencies. This rule sets the level at which food additives, pesticide residues, and groundwater and air contaminants are considered carcinogenic. The criterion for considering a substance safe is whether lifetime exposure to it would lead to more than a one-in-a-million chance of contracting a cancer.

Investigators Kathryn Kelly and Nanette Cardon were perplexed at finding no discussion in the professional public-health literature of this ubiquitous rule, which is the make-or-break test for new pharmaceutical products. Eventually they traced it back to the cranberryless Thanksgiving of 1959. That classic scare about possible pesticide residues led the then Secretary of Health, Education and Welfare, Arthur S. Flemming, to advise people against serving cranberries with their turkey. In response to the ensuing uproar, Nathan Mantel, a biostatistician at the National Cancer Institute, was asked by superiors to suggest guidelines for future warnings. In his paper he said that safety was a matter of chance and that "for purposes of discussion we'll assume" that anything that poses a one-in-a-hundred-million risk of developing cancer is safe. When asked recently by the authors of the *EPA Watch* study how he came up with this figure, Dr. Mantel said: "We just pulled it out of a hat." But the Food and Drug Administration used Dr. Mantel's number when it issued a 1973 directive euphoniously entitled: "Compounds Used in Food-Processing Animals: Procedures for Determining Acceptability of Assay Methods Used for Assuring the Absence of Residues in Edible Products of Such Animals."

The proposed rule floated around inside the FDA until 1977, and when it was made final it came out as one in a million—some unnamed bureaucrat had knocked two zeroes off Nathan Mantel's number. At that, this first rule said explicitly that one in a million was intended merely as a screening level: if the initial tests indicated more than a one-in-a-million chance of causing cancer, then there should be more study of how the risks and benefits stacked up.

But regulatory creep quickly established one in a million as a rule by which agencies would oppose or reject all manner of products—all on the basis of a researcher's "I pulled it out of a hat" and an unknown bureaucrat's decision to knock off two zeroes. That's government science for you.

Memo to Representative Henry Waxman: "Suggest you urgently initiate inquiry into the FDA bureaucrat

A Late Development

Fritz Hollings, who controls the switch
At Commerce, has produced a glitch
That could delay the GATT until
The ducks come limping toward the Hill,
A circumstance so baleful that
The senator (a Democrat)
Gets faxes, calls, and E-mail from
The President, whose gums are numb.

W. H. VON DREELE

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who has been subjecting the American people to a hundred-fold increase in cancer risk. See *EPA Watch*, Sept. 15, page 4."

Harriet Nelson, RIP

HARRIET HILLIARD was a singer with Ozzie Nelson's band, and married her boss in 1935. She briefly tried film acting—she was the "other girl" in *Follow the Fleet* (1936) with Fred and Ginger—and then she and her husband cooked up a radio show in 1944, called *The Adventures of Ozzie and Harriet*. The rest is cultural history. The show later moved to television where it ran an extraordinary 14 years, even into the turbulent Sixties, idealizing the American family in the form of the Nelsons' own. The nation watched the Nelson boys grow up.

Harriet was, of course, the pre-feminist ideal—kitchen-bound, non-pushy, wielding a powerful influence through love, not ideology. She, and the image of the traditional nuclear family that the Nelsons came to epitomize, were later mocked. Certainly, as armies of American women left the home and joined the labor market, the Nelson model was left behind, probably irretrievably. But when Harriet Nelson died last week at 85, even National Public Radio's *All Things Considered* was wistful. Perhaps even NPR senses the resurgent moral power of that ideal, and is distressed by the social wreckage that has come in the wake of decades of denigrating it.

Notes & Asides

■ Dear Mr. Buckley:

I need you to officiate at my upcoming nuptials. Since you are the captain of some raft, I thought you to possess the proper credentials.

In lieu of a wedding present, I ask that you print the name and address of the organization to which I belong. The organization is Feminists for Life. We are a bi-partisan group made up of men and women whose primary goal is the promotion of the right to life of both the born and the unborn. The address is: Feminists for Life of America, 733 15th Street, N.W., Suite 1100, Washington, D.C. 20005.

Love,
Laurel K. Grimes
Kenmore, N.Y.

Dear Miss Grimes: My raft isn't substantial enough to hold the wedding you deserve, so will have to let it go with the wedding present, herewith granted, with love.
WFB

■ Dear Mr. Buckley:

In a recent column expressing the hope that the Paula Jones case will not go to trial, you paraphrased Robert Bork as saying that "he can think of no way in which to remove citizen Bill Clinton from this fusillade, inasmuch as the Constitution nowhere grants a President immunity from the reach of law. . . ."

My question is: Why isn't it possible for the President to pardon himself? My reading of the Constitution is that it would be possible, but neither you nor Bork nor anyone else I have come across has mentioned this option. I can see that it may be politically inexpedient, but this does not mean it should not be discussed as an option. If enough members of Congress and/or the public could be cajoled into agreeing that the Paula Jones trial should be avoided, then it would be a prudent political maneuver for Clinton to simply pardon himself and end this mess.

Sincerely,
Bradley Monton
Cincinnati, Ohio

Dear Mr. Monton: The Constitution (Article II, Section 3) specifies, ". . . and he [the President] shall have power to grant Reprieves and Pardons for Offenses against the United States, except in Cases of Impeachment." The alleged crime against Paula Jones was not a crime against the United States. Cordially,
WFB

■ Dear Mr. Buckley:

Instead of arc-welding new steel powder rooms into every ship in the U.S. Navy, why don't we pick out a nice mothballed carrier, re-christen it the *U.S.S. Pat Schroeder*, and let the girls have their own navy?

Sincerely,
Gordon Graham
Jackson Hole, Wyo.

Dear Mr. Graham: But wouldn't firing on the *U.S.S. Pat Schroeder* be an act of sexual harassment? Cordially,
—WFB

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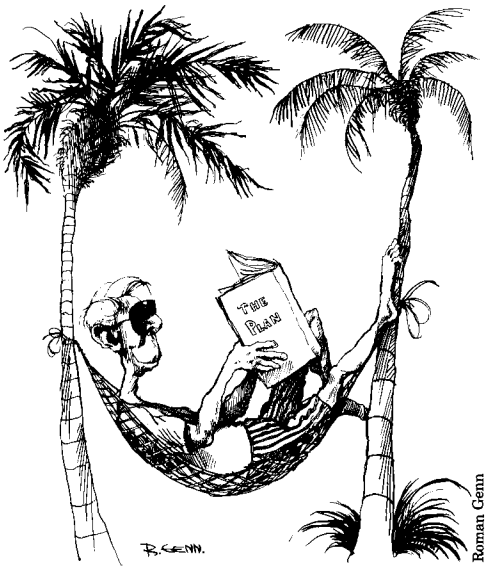
ON THE SCENE

Bush: The Next Generation

RICH LOWRY



Roman Genn

TALLAHASSEE

ABOUT two hundred members of the Florida Association of Realtors interrupt Republican gubernatorial candidate Jeb Bush to cheer his call for abolishing the state's Department of Education. They burst into applause again when he suggests handing more power back to local governments. They laugh at his prediction that the "excuse-me-for-living tax" will be the next one imposed by Governor Lawton Chiles. Jeb, as everyone calls him, is on a roll.

"If we are to ensure a brighter future for our children, we need to draw a line in the sand," Bush tells the crowd. "I'm not kidding when I say that government's power needs to be controlled. It's not just empty political rhetoric. I think we're in decline if we don't. I'm not kidding that government should prioritize its spending. I believe that public safety is the first priority. The demands that we create by our welfare system, which is morally wrong and economically unsustainable, will never allow us to have limited government. So we have to dismantle the welfare state, and I'm convinced . . ."

The end of the sentence is drowned out by more cheers. Forget kinder and gentler. This is Bush: The Next Generation. Asked at one debate what specifically he'd do as governor to help blacks, he replied: "Probably nothing." It wasn't a gaffe. "I think," Bush explains, "we need to have public policy with an edge to it."

Bush has the honest looks of his father and the same gracious manner, but politically he's a departure. George Bush exemplified a Republicanism of accommodation; Jeb exhibits a no-apologies conservatism. The elder Bush spent thirty years in public life; the son, a 41-year-old businessman making his first run for elected office, dumps on career politicians. George Bush's directionless Presidency paved the way for the "New Democrats"; Jeb Bush's sharp campaign could help roll them back.

It's not such a stretch to think of the Chiles administration as the Florida chapter of the Clinton Presidency. In 1990 Chiles beat Republican Governor Bob Martinez, a moderate who never recovered from a tax increase he tried desperately to disown. (Sound familiar?) Chiles, meanwhile, drew on an enormous reservoir of good will in the state; he's still known as Walkin' Lawton for campaigning on foot during his successful 1970 Senate bid. With high-powered Democratic consultant Frank Greer (soon to be a Clinton advisor) in his employ, Chiles talked of a "new covenant" and of "reinventing government."

But after pushing unsuccessfully for a $2.5-billion tax increase in 1992, and after a highly publicized series of murders of foreign tourists, Governor Chiles has dropped reinventing government. He is too busy trying to hold back a wave of public revulsion with the status quo. Like George Bush in 1992, Chiles sits atop a restless electorate—50 per cent of whom think the state is on the wrong track—and confronts a challenger with a more vigorous, youthful image. Like Bill Clinton today, his record hasn't always squared with his New Democrat rhetoric. Like both, he could get punished at the polls.

A key part of the Chiles survival strategy will be putting as conservative a spin on his accomplishments as possible. In New Jersey and Virginia last year Democrats tried to hold onto governorships with similar right-leaning reclamation efforts—only to lose to Republicans who staked out positions so conservative that the Democrats couldn't match them. Jeb Bush could have been taking notes.

Philosophical contrast is his favored weapon. In the September 8 Republican primary two more moderate candidates emerged as his chief opposition. One Bush TV ad featured pictures of the two and Governor Chiles, with a narrator declaiming that three candidates for governor support new taxes, public financing of campaigns, etc., but one doesn't: Jeb Bush. He won an unexpected 46 per cent plurality, just short of what he needed to avoid a runoff but enough to convince runner-up Jim Smith, a former Democrat, to bow out.

"Jeb Bush more than just captured the nomination, he also quickly and really dramatically redefined what the party is like in Florida," says University of Florida political scientist Richard Scher. "Before, it had been seen as negative and me-too." Not any more. Bush craves distinctions between himself and Chiles, and nowhere more than on crime.

Since the tourist murders put crime on top of Florida's agenda, Chiles has created a new agency to handle juvenile offenders and funded more than 20,000 new prison beds. But he's playing catch-up. Governor Martinez funded 24,000 prison beds during his tenure, a construction boom that halted under Chiles. During his first two years in office, Chiles built less than 200. Thanks to a lack of space, prisoners were serving, on average, 33 percent of their sentences. "We begged and pleaded," says Columbia County Sheriff Tom Tramel, a Democrat who

Mr. Lowry is NR's national political reporter.

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is supporting Bush, "but he didn't want to build new space."

Bush is promising to make enough room for every prisoner to serve 85 per cent of his sentence. That means at least another 24,000 new prison beds, estimated to cost roughly $500 million to build and another $400 million annually to operate. How to pay for it? No new taxes. Bush says prisons will just become his top priority: nothing else gets funded until the prisons do. The effect of this commitment in a state where the per-capita tax burden is 42nd in the nation and migrants constantly place new demands on state resources will be to starve the traditional welfare state.

That's why Bush isn't promising tax cuts. There will be a spending squeeze without them. And he's committed to talking specifics, which a tax cut could make uncomfortable. One of his favorite phrases is: "I have a plan." When he aired an ad with an 800 number, about 25,000 Floridians called in the first week to get his crime plan. He has a welfare plan: to stop taking AFDC from the Federal Government, require welfare recipients to sign an "accountability agreement," and end all assistance after two years. And an education plan: abolishing the education department, starting an aggressive charter-schools program, and giving vouchers to the parents of students in Florida's worst-performing schools.

Bold and detailed, these proposals keep Bush out of the me-too mode. The only issue where he has been caught flat-footed is immigration. When Chiles helped convince Clinton to change the U.S. policy of automatically granting asylum to Cuban refugees, Bush could only agree. He wants a crackdown on illegal immigration too, but Chiles is in a better position to exploit the issue: Bush's wife of twenty years is Mexican by birth, and Cubans are a big source of his support.

But even on this issue Bush understands the depth of popular distress. Reform immigration policy, he says, or the "people will revolt." It's an understanding that informs his politics generally. Jeb Bush is a post-Limbaugh candidate; he realizes, as too many Republicans still don't, that people are better informed, angrier, and more willing to look to new solutions than they have been in a generation. "They're way ahead of politicians," he says. "They're way ahead of the intellectual elite." His proposal to require any new taxes to pass a popular referendum captures the mood perfectly: new, populist, anti-government.

The importance of his candidacy—and that of the like-minded Ellen Sauerbrey in Maryland—is that it has the potential to harness the public disgust with politics and make it a force for reform rather than cynicism. "I want to win," Bush says, "but I want to win to govern, not win to win."

Winning won't be easy. Florida, especially rural Florida, is becoming more Republican by the day, but Chiles is just reassuring and familiar enough to cast Bush as a reckless neophyte. Even so, polls now have Bush slightly ahead.

Governing won't be easy either. Condemning politics-as-usual from the outside is the easiest job in American politics; rejecting it from the inside is a different matter. But if Jeb Bush wins, and then delivers, it will be sweeter revenge on Clinton Democrats than his father could ever have managed himself. This is a sequel worth seeing. □

A Little Credit, Please

LAWRENCE KUDLOW

Roberto Parada

WASHINGTON, D.C.

THE $500-per-child tax credit, long favored by social conservatives such as Marshall Wittmann and Ralph Reed of the Christian Coalition and Gary Bauer of the Family Research Council, has just become Republican Party policy. A key plank in Newt Gingrich's Contract with America, the child credit shows the new political muscle of the Christian Right. It also shows the GOP's explicit commitment to promoting traditional families. And while the family tax credit by itself will not enhance long-term economic growth, it could well represent a significant step in the GOP effort to reclaim middle-class voters who deserted George Bush in 1992.

The supply-side growth wing of the party strongly opposed the tax credit, arguing that the absence of marginal-tax-rate reduction means no new rewards for the extra hour worked, dollar invested, or risk taken. Many supply-siders regard tax credits as the equivalent of dropping money from helicopters. "It won't change economic behavior, and it won't stimulate the economy," argues former Reagan advisor Steve Entin. Furthermore, in the plan adopted by Gingrich, childless couples, single taxpayers, and older couples whose children are over 18 would get no tax cut at all.

And the credit comes with a $200,000 means test, put in by Representative Chris Shays (R., Conn.) and others as the price of their support for the whole Gingrich package. This provision creates a nasty penalty for successful working families. According to supply-sider Cesar Conda of the De Tocqueville Institution, an entrepreneur with four kids, making just under $200,000, will face a marginal tax rate of nearly 80 per cent if he increases his income by $5,000. (Insisting on an income cap may seem out of character for Mr. Shays, who favored across-the-board tax-rate relief instead of the family credit; but he was concerned about another class-warfare debate on the House floor.)

Cultural conservatives actually preferred a universal child credit and opposed the means test. But for them, economic growth is not the immediate point. "We are trying to marry the economic issues with the social issues," says the Christian Coalition's Marshall Wittmann. He argues that more bud-

Mr. Kudlow is NR*'s economics editor.*

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get resources must be transferred from the Federal Government to the family in order to defund Clinton social experimentation, especially the sex education and condom distribution favored by Joycelyn Elders and the new Goals 2000 education programs.

Similar views were expressed by Heritage Foundation economist Scott Hodge, who became the cultural Right's chief number-cruncher during the debate. "It's pure social policy, but it does have economic content," he told me. Hodge believes that family tax credits will build a constituency against pork-barrel spending by showing congressmen that budget cuts will go directly to middle-income families. In direct contrast to the Clinton Administration, which tried to buy middle-class votes with expanded entitlements for health, welfare, and income security, social conservatives want to use the child credit to attract pro-family Reagan and Perot Democrats with the promise of less government and fatter private wallets.

Hodge calculates that the $500-per-child tax credit would benefit 52 million children, or 36 million families. "With a price tag of $107 billion, we can gain the loyalty of 36 million families *and* force a major reduction in government spending," he says.

What's more, Hodge and other social conservatives believe the child credit—along with elimination of the marriage penalty and a rollback of the recent tax hike on Social Security benefits—will lay the coalition groundwork for future tax cuts. Indeed, what is so striking about the current tax debate among social and supply-side conservatives is the *agreement* on the need for lower taxes, smaller government, and more growth. The sometimes heated debate in the run-up to Gingrich's September 27 rally on the Capitol steps was really an argument over tactics, not goals.

All the social conservatives I spoke to favored a long-run program of across-the-board tax-rate reduction, including repeal of the Bush–Clinton tax hikes. They also strongly supported proposals indexing and cutting the capital-gains tax, and neutral cost-expensing of business-equipment purchases (to speed depreciation write-offs), both of which are pro-growth and are included in the Gingrich package. Tactically, many people believe that capital-gains relief—always portrayed by Beltway insiders as "tax cuts for the rich"—could be successful only if linked to middle-class tax reduction.

Looking beyond the hoped-for first hundred days of a Republican Congress, Gingrich has already commissioned Representative Jim Saxton (R., N.J.) to come up with an across-the-board tax cut, one that might move income-tax rates back to the 15 and 28 per cent brackets of the 1986 tax reform bill, or perhaps toward the single-rate flat tax advocated by Representative Dick Armey (R., Tex.). (Many free-market types like Armey's proposal, but eliminating deductions for home-mortgage interest, charity, pension contributions, and state and local taxes is a bad idea. It would wreck the housing market, and, over the long term, rates would creep back up, leaving taxpayers worse off.)

Gingrich is also sympathetic to a rollback of payroll-tax rates, which have become the single largest tax burden on middle-class families and family businesses. Though social and economic conservatives alike support payroll-tax relief, Republican members of Congress have been as fearful as their Democratic colleagues of restraining Social Security and Medicare spending. Gingrich, however, recently informed a small dinner gathering of his desire to explore "opt-out" programs to allow individuals to make their own Social Security investment choices and to purchase their own health-insurance plans.

Laying the groundwork for future across-the-board tax cuts, GOP budget leader John Kasich has already written to House Budget Chairman Martin Sabo (D., Minn.) to request a full hearing on the "static versus dynamic modeling" debate over how tax cuts should be scored in the budget. Kasich believes that the Joint Tax Committee (JTC), which is the final revenue arbiter for tax policy changes, must be forced to incorporate the full macroeconomic effects of tax-rate reductions. To finance the tax cuts included in Gingrich's Contract, Kasich has already identified 71 specific spending cuts totaling $176 billion. But he correctly recognizes that until the JTC's static revenue model is changed to reflect the behavioral response to new tax incentives, across-the-board rate reduction will be difficult.

Voters sense the need for a new set of pro-growth policies: polling indicates that 38 per cent think the economy is stagnating, and 20 per cent think we're still in recession. During the last six years, the U.S. economy has grown at only 2 per cent a year, compared to long-run post–World War II growth of 3.1 per cent. Consequently, the nation has fallen $2 trillion below its historical trendline, amounting to six million fewer jobs than we should have had.

The Gingrich economic package, with its family-tax-credit centerpiece, is not the perfect answer. But the child credit may be the cleverest social and political message, putting a "human face on economic growth," as the Heritage Foundation's Kate O'Beirne recently put it. The Republican Party over the past two years has been wandering aimlessly in the aftermath of George Bush's betrayal on taxes and growth. Now it can close ranks, build a big economic tent, and begin its own recovery. □

Let a Thousand Nizhnys Bloom

GARETH WILLIAMS

NIZHNY NOVGOROD

ANYONE familiar with Maksim Gorky's autobiographical *My Childhood* and *My Apprenticeship* will have a clear idea of pre-Revolutionary Nizhny Novgorod: a great, noisome, bustling entrepot that amply demonstrated both clauses of the old dictum, "Where there's muck there's brass." Its famous fair attracted merchants and goods from throughout the Empire, from the Black Sea to the Baltic, from Siberia to Poland.

After seventy years of Soviet rule its impressive mercantile architecture is still intact, confidently perched on a hill overlooking two of Russia's great rivers, the Volga and the Oka. The inhabitants of the villas and palaces of trade, though, are long gone: Gorky, as the Soviets renamed the city, was a sleepy provincial backwater, the invol-

Mr. Williams is a research student at St. Anthony's College, Oxford.

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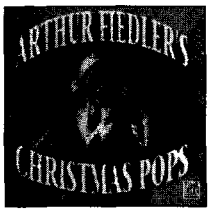

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untary abode of political exiles such as the Sakharovs.

Now, however, the feel of a trading metropolis has returned. Market stalls abound, as do new Russian entrepreneurs. Almost as abundant are American consultants, largely from the International Finance Corporation (IFC). They were invited into the city by the disconcertingly youthful-looking regional governor, Boris Nemtsov, to help organize its ambitious privatization program. In many ways, Nemtsov is the model of the progressive regional politician: a Western-looking, sharply presented free-marketeer. At any rate, his recipe seems to have found favor with the electorate. Bucking the national trend, he was comfortably returned in last year's elections.

The region's latest privatization venture is perhaps its most courageous. Having sold off the state retail outlets and distribution network, it is now confronting the breakup of the collective farms. Despite the widespread emergence of private farmers in Russia—around 300,000 at last count—the system of behemoth collectives still dominates the countryside. For both economic reasons (the collectives are disastrously inefficient) and political reasons (they are highly reactionary), reformers desire their demise.

But the issue of land ownership is one of the most emotive in Russian politics. It lay at the heart of the greatest of nineteenth-century reforms, those of the Tsar-Liberator Alexander II, who belatedly abolished serfdom. It provided the fuel for Russia's revolutions of 1905 and 1917, and for Stalin's brutal collectivization of the peasants in the early 1930s. In the 1990s land reform has again become one of the most contentious of political issues. It is stubbornly resisted by the former rural elite through its political grouping, the Agrarian Union, aligned with those champions of rabid reaction, Vladimir Zhirinovsky's Liberal Democrats.

The IFC plan seeks to use existing Russian legislation to auction off the collective farms' land and assets to their members. Each person living on the farm will receive an entitlement to land which can be used at the auction to purchase land lots. Those actually working on the farm will also receive entitlements to purchase the working capital, such as seed, stock, machinery, and buildings.

Such auctions have gone ahead in five collective farms in the pilot project, gaining national media coverage and making front-page news in Russia's biggest pro-reform paper, *Izvestia*. The paper read the event as the belated fulfillment of the post–October 1917 promise to give the land to the peasants who worked it, made by Bolsheviks desperate for rural support. However, since each person's land share of about 12 acres will be insufficient to farm at a profit, they will have to combine in one way or another. Various forms of farming enterprises have emerged, including the Russian equivalents of joint stock companies, farm partnerships, and individual family farms.

Some of the latter have been of considerable size. One has been set up by a particularly enterprising family, the Kasyanovs, who managed to lease a large number of pensioners' land entitlements. At over 865 acres, it is the sort of substantial family farm that has not been seen in Russia since the kulaks were "liquidated as a class" in Stalin's day.

Should the process be replicated throughout Russia—and Prime Minister Viktor Chernomyrdin has hailed it as a model for the rest of the country—revolution in the countryside could be in the offing. But the prospects of its spreading rapidly are doubtful given the danger it poses to local *apparatchiks*. The local stalling of reform has consistently been a stumbling block for Yeltsin's government, but the recent spasm of government reaction provides little hope that such stalling will be faced down. Other privatizations have been implemented, but these have been urban.

BREAKING up the collective farms is laudable, but one has only to travel around Russia's countryside to realize that although perhaps a necessary condition for economic revival, it is by no means sufficient. *Bezdorozhe* (roadlessness), a traditional curse of Russia, is still very much a problem. Decades of underinvestment mean that whole villages become inaccessible at least once a year, when the spring thaw turns unpaved roads to mud. Driving around the Russian countryside in winter is less like the invigorating, bell-tinkling sleigh rides of Russian literature and more like the Paris–Dakar rally in its later stages.

When distributors of perishable goods such as dairy products and vegetables have to cope with such conditions the goods often never get to market at all. Much of this loss—estimated at around 40 per cent of Russia's agricultural production—can be ascribed to spoilage due to poor communications. This means the rational free markets advocated by reformers are not just politically difficult to achieve—they become a physical impossibility.

Such strictures do not apply only to agricultural products. Greater efficiency on the grossly overmanned farms will inevitably require the shedding of labor. Many, including Yevgeniya Serova, the chief advisor to the Russian minister of agriculture, argue that rural industry will be able to mop up a considerable portion of this labor. Where such firms are to be conjured up from is uncertain enough, but how can they be viable if they can't get supplies in and goods out cheaply?

This is a huge and largely disregarded problem in the debate on the construction of a market economy in the vastness of Russia. It seems unlikely that Russian governments will be in a fiscal position to undertake a vital road-building scheme in the foreseeable future. This is one area where Western aid could make a tangible and perhaps decisive contribution to economic revival.

Joint ventures to build highways and byways using Russian construction resources would be enormously valuable. Such ventures could be financed by a mix of Western aid and sovereign debt that could be repaid by the higher tax revenues such an increase in communications (and therefore trade and economic growth) would generate. Not only would projects like this provide potential buyers and sellers with greater access to one another, they would also help ease the unemployment problem. If Zhirinovsky is to be feared now, wait until he or another strutting demagogue has a millions-strong army of the unemployed behind him.

If the West is serious about helping Russia move to a market economy, it should consider such programs. After all, Russia's economic "take-off" in the nineteenth century was achieved on the back of railway building (as eighteenth-century England's spectacular growth in trade and urbanization relied on canals). Nizhny Novgorod is an

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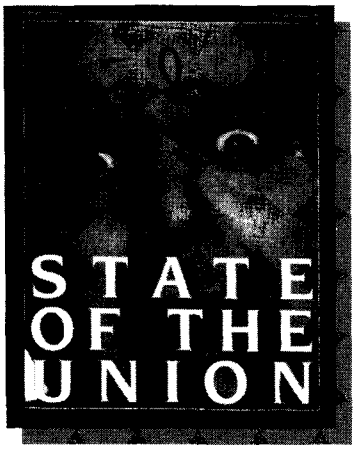

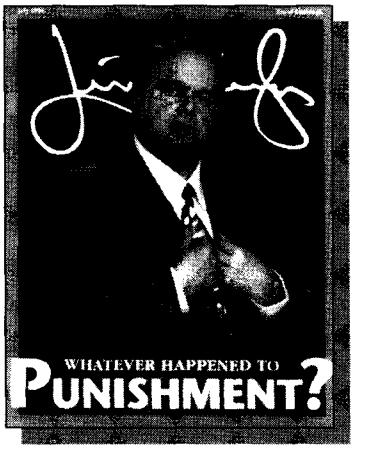

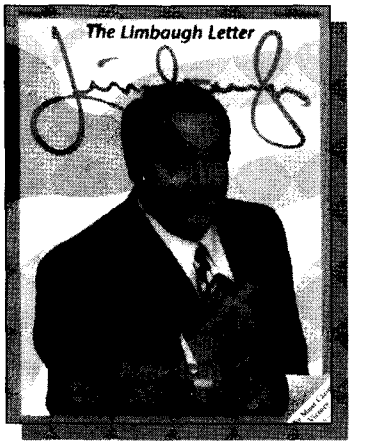

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appropriate place to consider such examples. The city owed its impressive pre-Revolutionary trading history to its location on the Volga, a waterway that linked Moscow with the seas to the south.

Russians can operate perfectly well in a market environment—the cities clogged with street kiosks testify to this. However, to trade in a way that minimizes the market distortions and failures that give capitalism a bad name, they need access to one another. If Western help can create a thousand little Nizhnys on a thousand little paved Volgas, then it will have contributed enormously to Russian economic revival. □

Identity Crisis

THOMAS KIELINGER

Fred Carlson

BONN

AS A COUNTRY and a political culture, Germany has been shredded and painfully reassembled within living memory. Indeed, the *Random House Dictionary of the English Language*, in its Second Edition (1987), defined Germany as "a former country in Central Europe." That, only seven years later, reads like graffiti from prehistoric days. Such is the transforming force unleashed by the collapse of Communism since 1989. The "former country" has returned with a vengeance, along with all the familiar questions about her identity and self-description.

Some of these questions may be answered—for the time being, at least—in the national election coming up on October 16. It would be comforting for the outside world if things stayed as they are, with an internationally renowned chancellor at the helm of the ship of state. This would also suit not a few Germans. But the re-election of Helmut Kohl is by no means assured. His survival is being threatened from two directions. First, the junior partner in the Christian Democrats' coalition, the small band of hapless liberals (the Free Democratic Party), has fallen upon hard times and could very well be excluded from the nation's business for the first time in Germany's postwar history. The FDP has suffered one defeat after another in every *Land* and local election of the last two years.

Even if the Free Democrats scored more than the 5 per cent of the popular vote required by law as the threshold for entry into parliament, Kohl might still fall short of the needed coalition majority. For there are two other small parties vying with the FDP for the role of king-maker in a future coalition.

One of these—the ecological party, the Greens—has been around for a while, but this time it appears certain to make a significant difference. Environmental concerns weigh heavily on the German mind.

There is also a joker in the pack, the PDS ("Party of Democratic Socialism"). Behind its acronym lies an estranged East German populace in search of a dignified mode of self-expression. Their sentiment is "*Wir sind auch wer!*" (We are somebody, too!). Nobody would have dreamed three years ago that East Germans would rally in such numbers to the follow-on Socialists. But the cleavage between the two halves of the once-divided nation has, if anything, widened. Germany today is an uneasy vessel containing two immiscible substances. When East met West four years ago, the two were at totally different stages of development. As a result, unification has proved to be a "collision under one roof."

To an observer of social history, this cannot come as a surprise. Man does not live by bread alone, and the enormous transfer of capital resources from West to East Germany, accounting for close to 50 per cent of the latter's GDP, does not solve the predicament of a population overstretched by the intricacies of modern capitalism. It's a cold world out there, so horrendously different from the good old days of cradle-to-grave protection by the Party and the socialist state.

It is this nostalgia that the PDS is building on, coupled with a strong aversion to Western cultural arrogance. The PDS is aided by a generous provision in Germany's election laws. As a minority party from the democratically resuscitated East, the Socialists enjoy a special privilege: They have only to win outright in three constituencies in order to have all their popular votes translated into Bundestag representation. So even if nationally they remain below the 5 per cent cut-off level, if they can win three constituencies they could well return a 25-deputy bloc to the Bundestag.

Accordingly, all eyes are on Rudolf Scharping, Kohl's challenger from the Social Democratic Party (SDP). Can one believe his disavowal of the reconstructed Communists? Or will he attempt to profit from them by offering them a slot (the reconstruction ministry for East Germany, say) in a "Red–Green" coalition?

As of this writing, it appears that such an offer would rend the Social Democratic Party asunder. The alternative, a grand coalition with the CDU–CSU under the stewardship of Helmut Kohl, would appear the lesser evil. But the chips may fall differently if the lure of becoming the majority party in a three-cornered coalition pulls the SPD into an allegedly "responsible stance." The Social Democrats could claim that their change of heart was in the national interest. After all, fringe parties must be integrated into the political mainstream, mustn't they?

Look for a significantly different Germany if after October 16 the SPD calls the shots. One can expect a more pacifistic foreign policy as well as new attempts to stimulate economic growth by government intervention. But it is for the democratic voter to tell us what to expect of the future Germany. If only this voter himself knew what. □

Mr. Kielinger is editor-in-chief of the Rheinischer Merkur *and a leading political analyst.*

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RANDOM WALK

WANT to know why the pace of this economic recovery is only half the pace of the 1980s recovery? Or why the U.S. continues to spend and consume more than it produces, generating large trade deficits? Try the high and rising regulatory burden on businesses of all shapes and sizes. A recent essay by former U.S. Senate staffer Cesar Conda, published by the Institute for Policy Innovation, points out that the rising cost of regulations has become *the* major concern of small-business entrepreneurs, property owners, and state and local officials who must comply with the "growing web of regulatory mandates." The total annual cost of complying with federal regulations is now $581 billion, or $5,934 per household. The number of Federal Government employees implementing these regulations is 126,815, an all-time record. The number of pages in the *Federal Register*, the document in which all new regulations are published, was 69,688 at the end of 1993. Government spending on regulatory programs was $11.8 billion in 1993 (in 1987 dollars), the highest level ever.

Over the past 20 years only President Reagan was able to curb the regulatory appetite. During his two terms the *Federal Register* dropped 33,676 pages from Jimmy Carter's record level of 87,012. Under George Bush, however, after he signed the Clean Air Act, the Americans with Disabilities Act, and the Civil Rights Act, the *Federal Register* grew by 15,000 pages. So far under Bill Clinton, the number has increased another 5,000 thanks to enactment of the Family and Medical Leave Act, the "Motor Voter" Act, re-regulation of the cable industry, and plenty of new environmental rules. If the Clinton Health Security Act had passed, it would have required 818 new regulatory mandates, 2,891 new pages in the *Federal Register*, and 98,146 federal and state government workers to implement the new mandates.

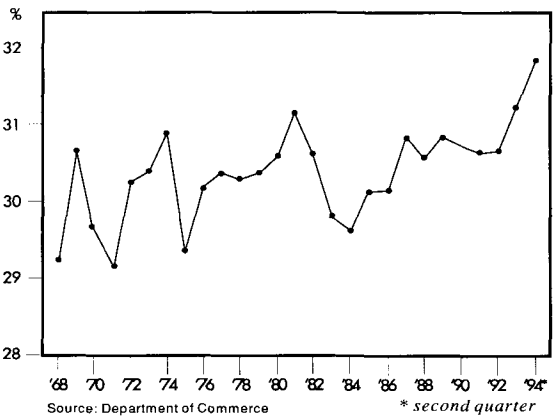
Common sense dictates that businesses cannot invest or produce or hire new workers if tax and regulatory costs overwhelm the bottom line. And how about this: the Lord's Prayer is 66 words, the Gettysburg Address is 286 words, there are 1,322 words in the Declaration of Independence, but government regulations on the sale of cabbage total 26,911 words.

■ George Pataki, the Republican gubernatorial candidate in New York, has proposed a $5.6-billion tax cut that would reduce the top state income-tax rate from 7.875 per cent to 5.9 per cent over four years and raise the income threshold at which the top rate kicks in from $26,000 to $50,000. In Maryland, gubernatorial candidate Ellen Sauerbrey beat the better-known and better-funded Representative Helen Bentley in the Republican primary by promising a 24 per cent tax cut. In Connecticut the GOP candidate for governor, John Rowland, vows to abolish the state income tax altogether in five years.

These and other Republican candidates hope to duplicate the success of New Jersey Governor Christine Todd Whitman, who defeated incumbent Democrat Jim Florio last year largely on the tax issue. Although Mrs. Whitman may have shown the way, Bruce Bartlett of the Alexis de Tocqueville Institution notes that the time is ripe for a tax cut. As the graph shows, there seems to be a limit on what Americans will pay in combined federal, state, and local taxes: about 31 per cent of GDP. Whenever the combined burden approaches that level, it tends to trigger a round of tax cuts, as it did during the mid 1970s and early 1980s.

Last year the tax burden went above the 31 per cent trigger for the first time since just before enactment of the Reagan tax cut in 1981. As a result of the Clinton tax increase, the combined tax burden has continued to climb, hitting 31.4 per cent in the first quarter of this year and 31.7 per cent in the second quarter. Bartlett believes that if history is any guide, the candidates who are promising tax cuts will do well in November.

Federal, State, and Local Taxes as a Share of GDP, 1968– 1994*



Source: Department of Commerce

* second quarter

■ Back in 1987 the United States had a top income-tax rate of 28 per cent, compared to 55 per cent in Mexico. Today, thanks to Presidents Bush and Clinton, the United States has a top rate of 41 per cent, whereas Mexico's top rate has been chopped down to 34 per cent, largely under the direction of Carlos Salinas and his supply-side team of University of Chicago–trained economists. So of course Uncle Sam's coffers are overflowing with revenue riches and Mexico has a burgeoning debt, right?

Not exactly. Real income-tax revenues in the U.S. have been inching upward by a piddling 3 per cent a year since 1989, despite a rate increase of nearly 50 per cent. By contrast, Manuel Suarez Mier, senior economic advisor to the Central Bank of Mexico and one of those Chicago grads, boasts that Mexico's income-tax revenues have been soaring at a real rate of 10 per cent a year. During this same period the Mexican national debt has declined from over 50 per cent of GDP to 20 per cent of GDP. Meanwhile, the U.S. debt has increased from 55 to 70 per cent of GDP. This is what happens when one country is guided by Chicago and one by Ivy Leaguers. —GEKKO

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Employment Crisis

RUNNING OUT OF WILLING WORKERS

Yes, we do have a problem matching jobs to workers, but it's not the problem the Clintonites think. And the wrong remedies—ones that fail to take incentives into account—will only make it worse.

ALAN REYNOLDS

THE unemployment rate has fallen sharply since 1992. Yet the number of jobs has not grown as much as usual during the early years of economic recovery. Employment has grown by only about 2 per cent a year in 1993–94, compared with 3 per cent in 1983–89.

How, then, could the unemployment rate fall so quickly? Because it measures the percentage of the *work force* (not of the total working-age *population*) that is currently unemployed. If someone stops seeking a job, he is dropped from the unemployment rolls just as if he had found a job.

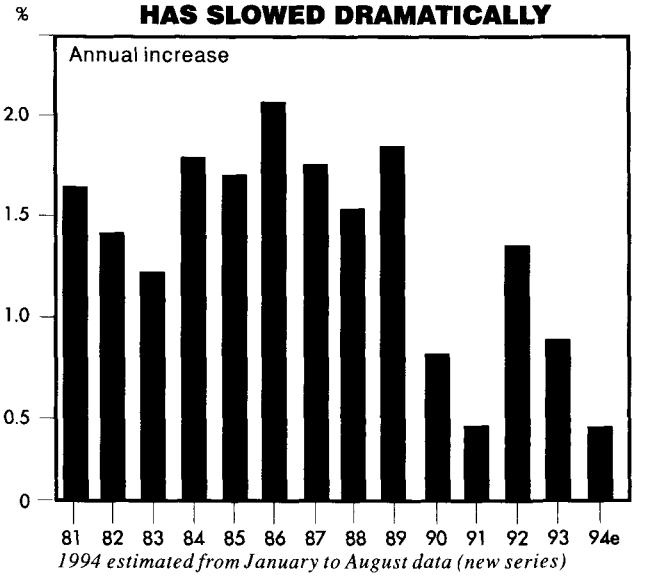
And that is what has been happening. It is not that the number of jobs has been expanding particularly quickly, but that the number of job seekers is barely rising at all. After growing by nearly 1.7 per cent a year from 1981 to 1989, the labor force (those working plus those looking for work) grew at an annual rate of only 1.3 per cent in 1992, 0.8 per cent in 1993, and 0.4 per cent from January to August of 1994.

Like all politicians, the Clintonites have been obsessed with how to increase the demand for labor. They propose community-service jobs for students and welfare recipients, public-works jobs for construction workers. They lean on the Japanese to import more, in order to raise demand for workers in export industries. But job growth cannot continue at even the modest 1993–94 pace unless a larger fraction of the working-age population becomes willing to work. We are running short of willing workers, not short of jobs.

The share of the working-age population that is either working or seeking work (the *participation rate*) rose steadily from 63.8 per cent in 1980 to 66.5 per cent in 1989, but has been flat or down ever since. As the Congressional Budget Office (CBO) points out, there has been "an outright decline in the [participation] rates for younger workers, aged 16 to 24," and "a flattening since 1990 in the increase in the rates of participation of women aged 25 to 44." The percentage of women aged 25 to 34 who remained in the labor force declined from 78.3 per cent in 1989 to 75.7 per cent in 1992.

This propensity on the part of so-called "secondary workers"—married women, and older children still living at home—to drop out of the labor force is not simply a cyclical phenomenon; as the graph on this page shows, there was no comparable slowdown in the number of job seekers during the severe 1980–82 recession. Nor is it unimportant to the economy, despite the label "secondary workers." Indeed, second earners in families,

GROWTH OF U.S. LABOR FORCE HAS SLOWED DRAMATICALLY



1994 estimated from January to August data (new series)

Mr. Reynolds is director of economic research at the Hudson Institute in Indianapolis, and an economic consultant with H. C. Wainright & Co. Economics in Boston.

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particularly wives and older children of men with high incomes, accounted for most of the rapid labor-force growth before 1990—growth that, in turn, accounted for nearly two-thirds of the 3.7 per cent average growth of real GDP from 1983 to 1989.

Since secondary workers are not the main source of family income, their willingness to work (and their choice between full-time and part-time work) is highly sensitive to financial incentives. (The formidable evidence on this point was surveyed by Jerry Hausman & James Poterba in the *Journal of Economic Perspectives*, Winter 1987.) What might have happened in recent years to keep them out of the labor force?

In fact, what has happened is that government policies have created disincentives all up and down the income scale.

At the lower end of the scale the earned-income tax credit (EITC) is a classic case of unintended consequences. In effect a wage subsidy or negative income tax, the EITC was enacted in 1975 (and expanded in 1986 and 1993) as a simple way to help the working poor. There was even some hope that it would increase labor-force participation among the poorest of the poor, by easing their way off welfare.

It may in fact have brought some people into the labor force—but only to bring them up against a cruel dilemma. For this subsidy declines rapidly, and is replaced by income taxes and Social Security taxes, as family income rises. The CBO explains:

> The workers facing the highest marginal tax rates are those whose earnings are in the range in which the EITC disappears—essentially, in the low $20,000 range for a couple with two children. Such families lose about 21 cents of EITC payments for every dollar of additional earnings. Added to the 15 per cent individual income tax and the Social Security payroll tax of 7.65 per cent on both employees and employers, the total marginal tax rate on these families is just over 49 per cent . . .

The prospect of losing 49 cents for every additional dollar earned would easily discourage spouses and older children from working to add to family income.

In the short run, this is clearly harmful to sustained economic growth at a time when labor is becoming scarce. In the longer run, it will prevent less skilled workers from gradually working their way up the ladder, as most of us have done as our incomes increased with work experience. The EITC breaks the first rungs on the ladder of opportunity. It discourages potential second earners, in particular, from making that first step.

Mandating Short Hours

A SIMILAR problem affects another well-intentioned program—the expansion of AFDC welfare to include unemployed parents (UP). The intent of this AFDC-UP plan was admirable: to aid intact poor families with dependent children, not only those headed by unmarried women.

There is a catch, however: *The "principal earner" in any family receiving AFDC-UP benefits is not allowed to work more than 100 hours per month.* That disincentive to work is not even subtle. Furthermore, if *either* spouse works full time for a full year, the family loses not only the cash, but also many non-cash benefits that typically come with welfare eligibility, such as food stamps, Medicaid, and housing allowances.

However, the disincentive is not so easy to fix. If full-time workers were covered by the program, millions more would be eligible, and the costs to taxpayers would balloon.

If the AFDC-UP program did not exist, according to research by Hilary Hoynes for the National Bureau of Economic Research, the labor supply among those now participating in this program would rise dramatically—by about 47 hours per month for husbands and 32 hours for wives. The same study also finds that a 20 per cent increase in the benefits would increase the number of people participating in the program by 14 per cent. That is, people will reduce their work effort to qualify for government checks.

Demand-siders talk a good deal about "discouraged workers"—those who stop even trying to look for work because there are no jobs out there. People who restrict their work hours to avoid losing AFDC or EITC benefits (and simultaneously incurring tax liabilities) are not "discouraged workers" in the usual sense. Yet they may well be quite discouraged in the sense that they cannot find entry-level employment that pays much better than the government subsidies of non-employment, once taxes and work-related expenses (such as commuting and day care) are considered. Such people are caught in a poverty trap. The slow and difficult process of acquiring work experience that would eventually raise family income is thwarted at the outset.

Highest Rates

AT THE opposite end of the income scale, there are also numerous new disincentives to working. In the 1990 tax bill, perfectly legitimate deductions and exemptions, available to all other taxpayers, were phased out for two-earner families whose combined income exceeded $108,450. The top income-tax rate was also increased from 28 per cent to 31 per cent, and both the Social Security tax rate and the income at which it stopped being collected were once again increased. In August 1993, marginal tax rates were again increased—this time retroactively—for high-income families, which typically have had two or more earners. The income cap for the Medicare tax was removed this year, putting the highest federal tax rate at 42.5 per cent, plus state taxes, which have also been increased in many cases.

The effect of these policies on labor-force participation is likely to be most pronounced in the case of spouses of high earners. For example, if one person on a joint return already earns a taxable income of $140,000, only any additional income above that level would be subjected to the new 36 per cent federal income tax. Yet *all*

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Who Says Famine, Plague, and Overpopulation Aren't Funny?

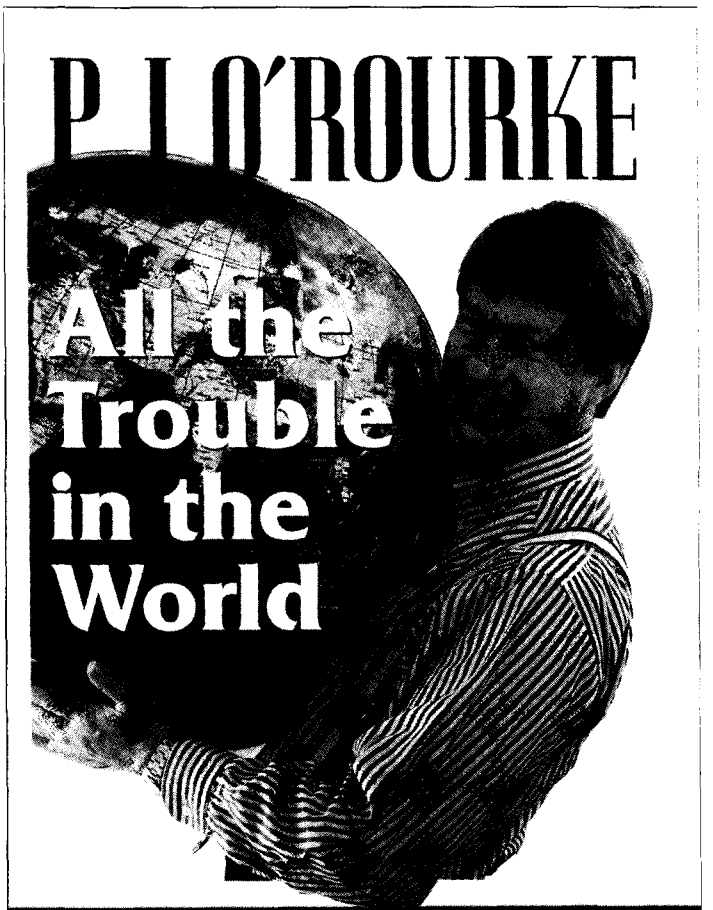

Photo: David Burnett

The Lighter Side of Overpopulation, Famine, Ecological Disaster, Ethnic Hatred, Plague, and Poverty

In *All the Trouble in the World,* best-selling political humorist P. J. O'Rourke tackles the "fashionable worries"—overpopulation, famine, ecological disaster, ethnic hatred, plague, and poverty—the enormous global problems that are endlessly in the news and constantly on our minds but about which we don't have a clue.

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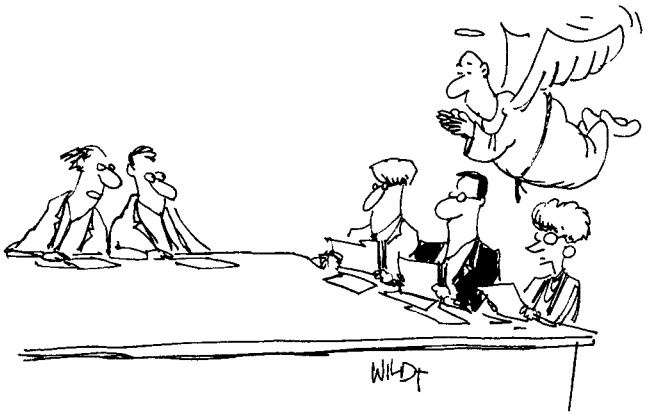
of a second earner's salary would be subjected to the 36 per cent rate (plus Social Security and state income taxes), even if his or, more usually, her salary was quite modest—low enough to put her in a 15 or 28 per cent tax bracket if she were not married to a high earner. Since such a family could maintain a high living standard on one salary, there is obviously a strong incentive for the secondary worker to drop out of the labor force, or at least reduce work hours, rather than see federal and state income and payroll taxes confiscate half her entire income.

Filing separately does not solve the problem of brutal taxation of second earners, as it does in most of Europe. Married people who file separately in the United States move into higher tax brackets at substantially lower income levels than if they were single. The 36 per cent tax rate applies at a taxable income of $115,000 for single Americans, but at $70,000 for married people filing as if they were single.



"I'm impressed—Smith's brought his attorney, his accountant, and *his guardian angel."*

If both spouses earn a high income, then each would be in a significantly lower tax bracket if the pair divorced. This sort of "marriage penalty" does not necessarily discourage marriage or promote divorce. More often, it instead results in one spouse's reducing work hours, or retiring very early.

There has long been ample evidence, which virtually nobody questions any more, that the work effort of secondary workers is quite sensitive to marginal tax rates as high as those now being imposed on both low-income and high-income American families. Two of the most skeptical researchers on this topic, Barry Bosworth and Gary Burtless of the Brookings Institution, concluded that lower marginal tax rates in the Eighties resulted in married women working 8.8 per cent more hours than otherwise, and men between the ages of 25 and 64 working 5.2 per cent more hours. Putting the two figures together, those estimates suggest that lowering marginal tax rates during the period from 1982 to 1989 increased U.S. work hours by something like 6 to 7 per cent. If putting marginal tax rates back up caused the United States to lose that 6 to 7 per cent increase in work hours, that would gradually reduce real GDP by about the same amount. And if higher marginal tax rates also slowed the future *growth* of the labor force, that would also slow the growth of the economy long after the 6 to 7 per cent one-time loss.

These concerns are not simply hypothetical. The CBO points out that the U.S. tax schedule is now just as "progressive" as it was back in 1977. Although tax rates are lower now, they rise just as steeply as they did in 1977 if people work harder to increase their incomes.

The fact that the 1990–93 tax disincentives are mostly concentrated at the high end of the income scale (aside from the EITC and AFDC-UP) seems to imply that they could not have an enormous impact on the quantity of labor. But they are already having an extremely significant impact on the *growth rate* of the labor force. Why? Because, as Frank Levy points out in the *Brookings Papers on Economic Activity* (1993), "in the last decade . . . most of the increase in women's labor supply took place among the wives of husbands with high earnings."

In the Nineties, unless something is done about these punitive tax rates on second earners, most of the *decrease* in women's labor supply will also take place among the wives of husbands with high earnings. Since secondary workers in high-income families are typically college-educated, this will have a disproportionately large effect on the *quality* of labor, and therefore on productivity.

Little Room for Growth?

"ONE OF the major goals of this Administration," says the 1994 *Economic Report of the President*, "is to increase employment by at least 8 million jobs in 4 years." If the labor force continues to grow by only about one million a year, as it has done in 1993–94, then adding two million jobs a year would require reducing the unemployment rate to about 3 per cent in four years. Is that even possible?

Some unemployment is, after all, unavoidable. A dynamic economy requires that workers be able to be lured out of declining enterprises and areas into expanding ones. A free economy requires that people be free to quit their jobs. And new entrants and re-entrants into the labor force may need some time to find a suitable job.

Since 1958, the lowest peacetime unemployment rate the economy has sustained for more than a year or two has been around 5.5 per cent. Since 1971, the only time unemployment was held as low as 5.5 per cent was from 1987 to 1989. That 5.5 per cent figure is roughly equivalent to 6 per cent under the new methods now used to measure unemployment—a level already reached by May 1994.

This is *not* merely a question of whether it is possible to push unemployment lower than 6 per cent (by the new measure) without causing accelerating inflation. There is no evidence that unemployment could be held much lower even *with* higher inflation. The only way inflation could possibly push unemployment lower would

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be if prices rose faster than wages, thus reducing real wages and making labor cheap. And it has never worked anyway. On the contrary, accelerating inflations have always been promptly followed by *rising* unemployment. Unemployment rose from 5.6 per cent in 1974 to 8.5 per cent in 1975, and from 5.8 per cent in 1979 to 9.7 per cent by 1982.

Similarly, the economy cannot, by definition, grow faster than the product of labor-force growth times productivity growth, with or without higher inflation. The only way inflation could affect that equation would be if it either attracted more workers or improved productivity. Inflation could attract more workers only if wages rose faster than prices—which is the opposite of what usually happens when inflation speeds up. And there is no reason at all, in theory or experience, to expect higher inflation to raise productivity.

Sinking Slowly

SLOW GROWTH of the labor force raises the prospect of increasingly severe bottlenecks in the labor market, slowing future economic growth to a degree that Americans are quite unaccustomed to. Nor can we turn to labor-saving machines as the whole answer. The 3.1 per cent rise in productivity in 1992 now looks like a one-time cyclical rebound. Productivity gains slowed to less than 1.8 per cent in 1993, and productivity fell at a 2.5 per cent rate in the second quarter of 1994. In any case, there are limits to how quickly productivity gains can make up for labor-force losses. It requires large, costly investments in machinery to offset a reduction in labor. Such physical capital is not always a viable substitute for human capital. And many otherwise profitable capital investments would not be undertaken without at least the prospects of an adequate supply of labor.

The fundamentals look bad. Absent a major reversal in tax policy—to restore work and savings incentives and attract capital to the United States—there is only a slim chance that the U.S. economy will make it to November 1996 without slipping into the stagflationary malaise of the late Seventies. An economy running short of labor and capital cannot grow very quickly, and attempts to make it grow by "stimulating demand" simply raise nominal demand and inflation without raising real growth.

It is undoubtedly true that President Clinton would rather stay in office than be ideologically consistent. But he is a man who surrounds himself with people who agree with him, and he has shown no inclination to admit mistakes. To embrace any part of the dreaded "supply-side, trickle-down" agenda would be anathema to those who promised a demand-side, trickle-up recovery. And that means this Administration is just going to sink under the weight of its own anti-wealth, pro-tax crusade, never understanding (much less admitting) what went wrong. □

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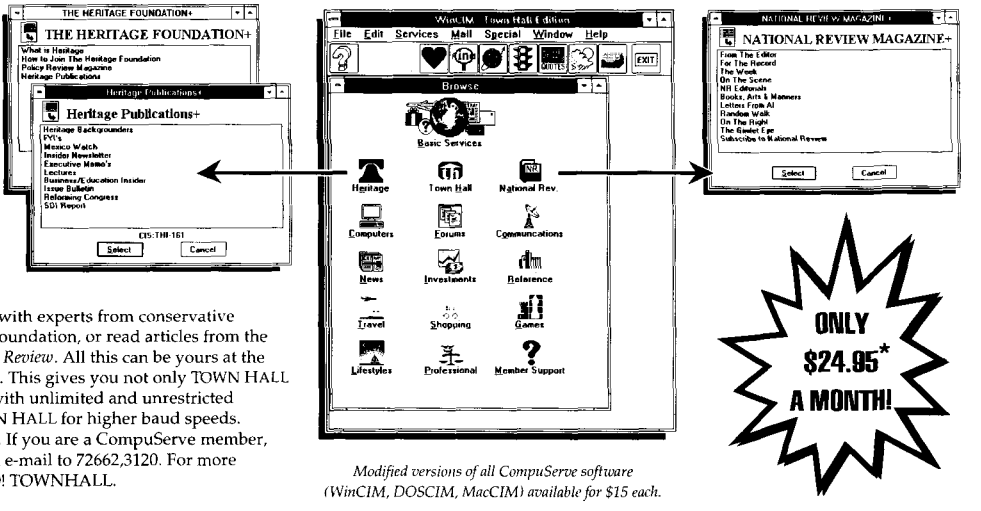

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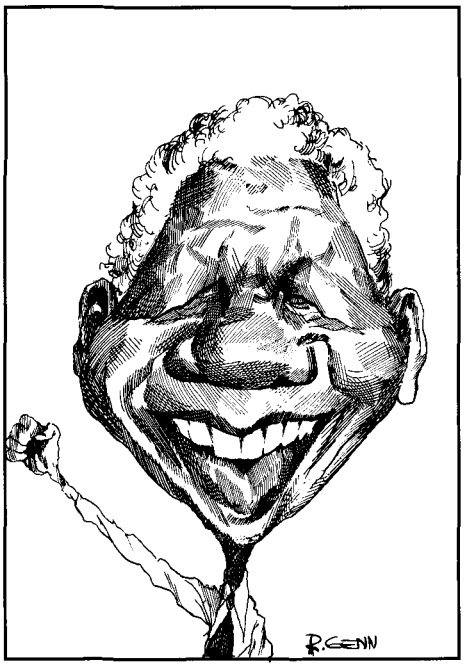

The New South Africa

STUMBLING TOWARD PRETORIA

Granted, transforming an entire society is not easy. But some of the ANC parliamentarians seem particularly ill suited for the job—not least the tempestuous Winnie Mandela.

R. W. JOHNSON

PRESIDENT Mandela's government of national unity has now been in power in South Africa for nearly five months. Seldom, if ever, has a government taken power amid such euphoria. Yet already the relationship between the government and the press is under considerable strain. Part of the reason is simply that the ANC, so used to owning—not just occupying—the moral high ground, has come to feel it is a sort of protected species, so that any criticism, however mild, comes as a rude shock.

But there is more to it than that. Stung by press comment that the new government had achieved little in its first hundred days, Deputy President Thabo Mbeki, addressing the Cape Town Press Club, suggested that the problem lay with the press. It had, he said, been "perfectly correct for the press to criticize the previous government"—the word "correct" is worth lingering over—but such behavior was now inappropriate. Instead of its "tendency to look for crises and to look for faults and mistakes, it should ask what its role was in building a democracy." Mr. Mbeki, it turned out, had been particularly incensed by an article that had accused him of laziness and unexplained absences from important meetings.

A week later he was far outdone by the most powerful regional premier, Tokyo Sexwale, who had come under fire for having hired 65 of his cronies at double the normal rates for jobs that were not advertised and—it seems to happen all the time—for not turning up at meetings he's scheduled to address. Mr. Sexwale heads the government of the PWV (Pretoria–Witwatersrand–Vereeniging) area, which contains a quarter of the country's population and generates 60 per cent of its wealth. He is a leading contender for the eventual succession to President Mandela, along with Mr. Mbeki and the ANC party boss, Cyril Ramaphosa. (The French have clearly decided Mr. Sexwale is the man most likely: President Mitterrand, on his recent visit, bestowed the Legion of Honor upon him.) But Mr. Sexwale, like not a few other new ANC men of power, has a somewhat chiefly manner—which led one newspaper editor to refer to him as His Regional Highness. Sexwale furiously told the PWV legislature that "some people are trying to use the concept of press freedom to hide behind [*sic*] slander, character assassination, an attempt to undermine government [with] innuendoes, fabrications." "Counter-revolutionaries," he claimed, were using the guise of press freedom to try to prevent the country's reconstruction. It would not be allowed, nor would such language as that in the offending article be permitted in the legislature.

Such outbursts are interesting partly because the ANC elite has, since the election, been sheltered beneath the umbrella provided by President Mandela's overwhelming popularity. In mid August Mandela was given a 60 per cent approval rating by whites (up from 38 per cent last November), 69 per cent by Indians, 70 per cent by Coloureds, and 92 per cent by blacks. Mandela's entire lack of bitterness, his evident generosity and good will, and his grave, dignified bearing have made him a national totem, an icon quite beyond criticism. Even the conservative *Citizen* warns solemnly that he is being overburdened and that the man is too precious to the country for any risks to be taken.

The Indispensable Man

FOR it has now dawned on many whites that Mandela is pretty well indispensable. Although the radicals in the ANC caucus chafe bitterly against his willingness to strike coalition compromises with the National Party and the Inkatha Freedom Party, Mandela simply enjoys too much love and admiration from the ANC faithful for open criticism of him to be possible within the ANC. But he also enjoys the warm regard of both the IFP leader, Chief Buthelezi, and the NP leader, F. W. de Klerk. Even

Mr. Johnson, a fellow in politics at Magdalen College, Oxford, writes on South Africa for the London Times, *the* London Review of Books, *and* The New Statesman.

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DOING TIME IN NEVADA

JOHN MARINI

PUBLIC OPINION polls in Nevada and across the nation indicate that crime is a major concern of Americans in this mid-term election year. The crime bill pushed by President Clinton and delivered by congressional Democrats was meant to defuse the issue in the minds of an angry and frightened electorate. But the attendant partisan debate served to expose the dangers and difficulties of federal attempts to solve the crime problem.

Historically, of course, state and local governments have been in the forefront of combating crime. But for some reason, these lower levels of government have recently come to be treated as incapable of providing the minimal conditions of security. Enter the Federal Government, which boasts the ability to commit its ample resources on behalf of more police, more prisons, and fewer guns in the hands of its citizens, allowing everyone to rest easy. But few are resting easy. Nor should they.

Consider even the least controversial, least objectionable provision of the federal crime bill—the provision for the construction of numerous new prison facilities. Will society be more secure as a result? In Nevada, it is easy to see why few are likely to be convinced.

(Continues on page West-6)

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WEST WORLD

■ California Republican senatorial candidate Mike Huffington has revealed his secret for keeping so slim. He eats dessert only on days when the *San Francisco Chronicle* writes something positive about him.

■ We won't say where California Democratic gubernatorial candidate Kathleen Brown's foot has spent much of the campaign, but she's being advised to make things easier on herself by switching to a more pleasantly flavored shoe polish.

■ Still unbeknownst to many, Californians will be voting in November on a "California Health Security Act" which, should it pass, would create a health-care bureaucracy ranked as fourth-largest in the world. It would operate on a single-payer system, require $58 billion in new taxes by 1998, reduce choice, ration access, and kill jobs, according to a withering critique by Sally Pipes and Michael Lynch of the Pacific Research Institute. Rumor has it that signatures are already being collected for a sister initiative in 1996 that would adopt "O Canada" as the new California state song.

■ The California State Senate has jumped with both feet onto the anti-crime bandwagon, offering a 900 number for parents to call to find out about convicted sex offenders living in their area. "This bill would allow broad public access to the identities of these sociopaths whom study after study has demonstrated are highly recidivistic. Such access will empower parents to protect their children from exposure to persons who might do them harm," according to the bill's legislative report. Once you know that a child molester lives next door to you, what exactly you are empowered to *do* to protect your children wasn't specified. Maybe hide them out in a self-esteem seminar till the child molester gets bored and goes away? Parents will sleep more soundly all over the state when word of this tough legislation gets out.

■ Five years ago, German brewmaster Karl Eden helped found the Sudwerk Privatbrauerei Hubsch, a restaurant/brewery or brewpub, in Davis, California. Since then—by all reports, working the hours of two men—Mr. Eden helped build it into the top beer-selling brewpub in North America. This summer, with construction underway to double its size and $8 million in investments riding on its success, Mr. Eden began what was supposed to be a quick, routine trip back to Germany in order to get his green card. Now he has been barred from America for at least five years, due to the fact that he had indicated on his original visa application that he had a job in Germany, whereas he had actually quit that job before traveling to the U.S. The INS is highly proficient at keeping out unwanted aliens if they are economically productive people of European origin. If he's as smart as he seems to be, Mr. Eden should reapply disguised as a person of color, preferably impoverished, unskilled, and illiterate.

■ Alarmed by the specter of invading hop backs, Attorney General Janet Reno is considering a border-crossing fee to help pay for beefing up patrols on the California–Mexico border. It would cost only $1 to enter, but, California being California, some are pushing for a two-drink minimum.

■ "Wilson Signs Bill Ending No-Pants Rules for Women" was the headline in the *Los Angeles Times*. After a brief wobbling sensation in the brain one reads on to find the California chief executive has signed nothing more shocking than a bill that "bars employers from prohibiting women employees from wearing slacks to work." Assemblyman Diane Martinez (D., Monterey Park) is author of the bill which the *Times* cheers as a "victory for working women." The bill was controversial and had been killed twice in the State Senate. But Miss Martinez's arguments eventually carried the day: "If women's legs are covered," she said, "our brains still function." The status of the assemblyman's legs on this occasion was not reported.

"At least the lab mice are improving."

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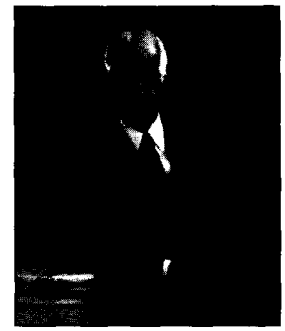
That victorious feeling... through Cosmetic Surgery



It's what motivates people from all facets of life. Achieving victory through maximum job performance, whether CEO of a successful business, or heading-up a vigorous campaign, may be attributable to the feeling easily achieved through today's innovations in cosmetic surgery.

Bolstering that victorious feeling through improving one's looks isn't restricted to the elite any longer. Today's individuals take charge of their life, personally and professionally, pursuing the many options offered through cosmetic surgery.

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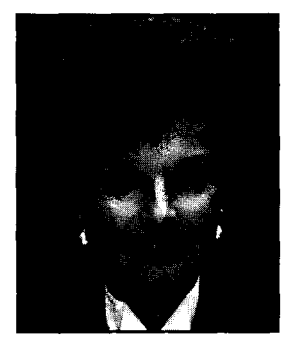

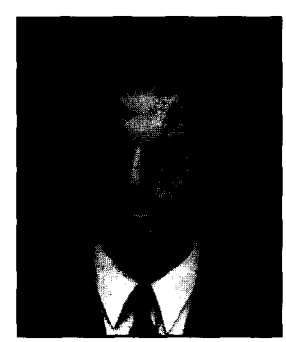

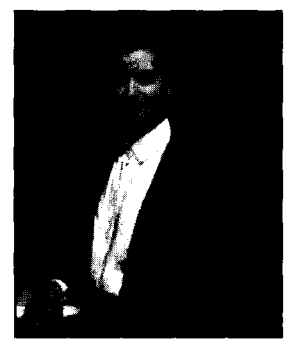

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■ The aforementioned leg-liberating legislation represents only one of more than 1200 bills left on Governor Wilson's desk by the state legislature when it adjourned August 31. Other landmark items include a bill requiring tatoo artists and body piercers to register with the state (vetoed) and a bill classifying as "disorderly conduct" the act of peering through a hole into a bathroom (signed and, we believe, long overdue).

■ Much to the surprise of observers, Governor Wilson was hailed as a hero at the convention of the allegedly conservative-dominated California Republican Party. It was a little like watching a vegetarian receive a standing ovation from the National Cattlemen's Association.

■ On a recent swing through San Francisco, Ross Perot professed great love for his wife, proclaimed that she had free rein over the family checkbook, yet insisted that she had never bought a couch worth more than $2500. The occasion for this boast was the news that the new San Francisco County Jail had purchased a couch, admittedly doubling as a piece of art, for $22,701. Among the couch manufacturer's other clients is the Sultan of Brunei. Compounding the controversy is the fact that half of the new jail will be closed until the end of the year due to a shortage of money to pay staff salaries. Among the other expenditures on this jail, now referred to locally as the Glamour Slammer, was $70,000 for atriums with "private meditation spas." What Mr. Perot failed to see is how frugal those San Franciscans really are. The idea is, rather than keep prisoners imprisoned by force, you convince them to remain inside by making jail as attractive as possible. Rather than pay fifty guards $45,000 a year, all you've got to do is buy fifty couches, and you've saved half!

■ The Commission on Judicial Conduct in Tacoma, Washington, has called Pierce County District Judge Alan Hutchinson onto the carpet for allegedly violating judicial ethics. The problem first arose when Dominic Scellato and David Pryor appeared before him in dresses, seeking to change their names legally to Gina D'Shirico and Catherine Matthews, respectively. Judge Hutchinson drew the line: "This court is not going to allow any male person with a penis and operating testicles to change their Washington State driver's license indicating that they are a female. This court will refuse to allow these people to live like a woman when that means entering public lavatories of women." But this modern-day Cato the Elder was forced to bow to the zeitgeist when Mssrs. Scellato and Pryor returned from a trip to Belgium having undergone sex change operations. "I will sign an order for a change of name although I personally feel this whole procedure is immoral. It evidences a mentally ill and diseased mind," the judge told them. Enter the Commission on Judicial Conduct, which reprimanded Judge Hutchinson and ordered him to receive 24 hours of sensitivity training. The judge's nose is sufficiently sensitive to smell a threat to his freedom of thought and speech, and he is fighting the decree.

■ The U.S. Ninth Circuit Court of Appeals in San Francisco apparently believes that youths have a right to pack knives at school so long as it is a matter of religious belief. The court ordered an elementary school in Livingston, California, to make all reasonable efforts to accommodate three Sikh children for whom carrying a blade under their clothes is an important symbol of devotion to God. The school had narrow-mindedly required the children to leave their knives at home and, as a result, their parents have kept them out of classes since January and are suing the school for trampling on their religious freedom. In fairness it must be noted that the court's reasoning is not in the absolutist tradition: schools must balance the religious right of some students to carry weapons with the right of other students to safety. But watch for the ruling to ignite a religious revival in America's inner city schools. Will the Supreme Court then take a bold position and allow the unarmed students to pray for mercy? That would be too much to hope for. Maybe a moment of silence.

■ How many college athletes does it take to screw in a light bulb? Don't answer that question, or you might be in violation of civil-rights statutes. Or so says University of Southern California basketball coach George Raveling. With the Black Coaches Association, he is leading the drive to eliminate use of Scholastic Assessment Test scores in determining eligibility for college athletics. "The standardized test," says Coach Raveling, "is just an instrument to keep minorities in their place, just like voter registration." If the NCAA fails to give in to their demands, Mr. Raveling and the Black Coaches Association threaten to boycott college basketball games (as they did last winter). Well, if they feel so strongly about it, you can hardly object. Most likely the Republic will survive. In fact while they're at it, they should consider boycotting voter registration, too. An uncharitable friend of ours suggests that if all sorts of people with low IQs could be persuaded to stop voting, there might be less call for new civil-rights statutes.

■ Stanford University demonstrated its continuing commitment to the decline and fall of Western Civilization by purchasing for an unnamed (but very substantial) figure some 300,000 pieces of memorabilia from beat poet Allen Ginsberg. The more significant items included some old tennis shoes, snippets of Mr. Ginsberg's beard, and dried plant vines from South America. Apparently, standardized intelligence tests are not used to determine eligibility for senior administrative posts at Stanford.

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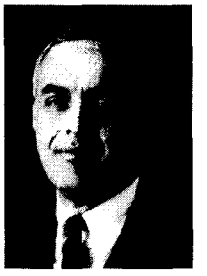

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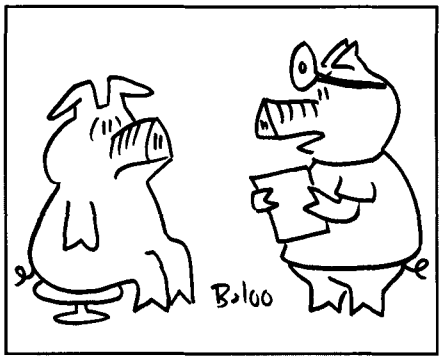
(Continued from page West-1)

In many ways, Nevada has been and is an unusual state. At present it appears to be in the vanguard, a model for the nation, particularly when it comes to revenue generation. In a time when taxpayers have become tightfisted, many states have turned to lotteries and legalized gambling. State and local governments in Nevada have long profited from human weakness. Its revenues derive largely from legalized gaming, mining, and prostitution. Consequently, its laws are tougher than most on the real transgressors whose desires know no limits. It sends more people to prison, on a per capita basis, than any other state.

Nothing wrong with locking up criminals. But Nevada's newest prison, completed earlier this year and as yet unopened, provides a glimpse into the future—an opportunity to preview the prisons which are likely to be constructed with the billions of dollars contained in the crime bill. And something's wrong with the picture.

Nevada's new Correctional Facility is located in Lovelock, Nevada, roughly 100 miles east of Reno, on Interstate 80. Beyond Lovelock it is another 450 miles to the next nearest real city, Salt Lake City. In a sense, the town of Lovelock itself is a prison for its thousand inhabitants. It is surrounded in every direction by massive desolation. When it has water, its irrigation ditches can make the desert bloom. But water is a precious commodity in northern Nevada, so agriculture is limited. Lovelock is exceedingly poor, seemingly a town without pity, neglected by nature and man. Indeed, its impoverished economy was a primary reason for locating the prison there.



"I'm taking you off mud, slop, and sows."

The prison itself is a fifty million dollar facility, meant to house 500 prisoners initially. In stark contrast to the town, it's a modern state-of-the-art prison, fully computerized, hardly foreboding, even sleek as prisons go. Only the harsh desert landscape and an occasional scorpion keep it from being almost pleasant.

In short, this is a prison built to federal standards–judicial standards to be exact. During construction, for example, well-paid federal consultants were required to approve its medical and dental facilities, in order to satisfy a federal court consent decree. As a result, inmates in the prison will likely have better medical care than the ordinary citizens of Lovelock. Additionally, the gym, the weight room, and the library facility are far superior to those of the typical urban high school, let alone Lovelock's schools.

There is a high-priced dry cleaning plant in the prison, the courts having insisted that prisoners be provided clean sheets twice a week. The warden is certain that his facilities can easily comply with that demand. Ironically, the town of Lovelock has no dry cleaning facility at all.

And there's no question the prisoners will eat well. The prison kitchen would put most restaurants and bakeries to shame. A very costly computerized bread-making machine and donut maker will provide fresh baked bread and pastry daily. And the warden assures his visitors that inmates will be allowed to have as much fresh juice, milk, and food as they desire.

It is imaginable that one day the poor, hardworking, law abiding citizens of Lovelock will gaze longingly at the prison, especially if they learn of the abundance provided there. But the prisoners too, no doubt, will look longingly toward Lovelock and the desert beyond. It only goes to show that freedom is *more* "than just another word for nothing left to lose."

Americans have grown skeptical of a government which promises to solve the age-old problems of human life—to end poverty, to provide for the social welfare needs of all citizens, and to alleviate every kind of discrimination—especially when the same government is unable to do the simple things that governments have succeeded in doing for generations, such as providing the conditions in which citizens are secure in their life and property.

Ours and other governments have succeeded at this because they have taken the matter of crime and punishment seriously. Criminals were thought and held responsible for their actions. They were not treated as victims of society or their upbringing. They were punished accordingly. Law abiding citizens were also thought to be responsible for their actions. Consequently, they were not treated as potential criminals, as by being disarmed.

The Lovelock prison illustrates the reversal of such thinking among our elites today, and indicates why the problem of crime and punishment cannot be seriously understood or properly addressed by the kinds of people who were behind the federal crime bill. Absent the moral distinction between the law-abiding and the lawless, it is hard to tell who is better off in Lovelock, the prisoners of the state facility or the prisoners of the desert. □

John Marini is a professor of government at the University of Nevada at Reno and author of The Politics of Budget Control: Congress, the Presidency, and the Growth of the Administrative State.

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Judicial Despotism

MAD AS A HATTER

Tomás de la Plata

THE MODERN civil rights movement began 40-or-so years ago with the proper assertion of the right of all Americans to sit anywhere they might please on a public bus. Now it has come to stand for the right of some Americans to sit anywhere they might please on a public bus for free. This, it seems, is the message being delivered to the citizens of Los Angeles County and their representatives with the help of yet another in a seemingly endless line of liberal activist judges.

On September 1, the Los Angeles County Metropolitan Transportation Authority (MTA) was scheduled to implement a 25-cent increase in cash bus fares. This increase, the first in six years, aimed to alleviate a $140 million operating deficit and fend off massive service cuts. But before implementation could occur, Federal District Judge Terry J. Hatter, Jr.—responding to a class action lawsuit filed by the NAACP—intervened with a preliminary injunction.

Any sensible citizen would ask: why in the world is a hike in county bus fares—approved by a transportation board after a year of debate, an Environmental Impact Report (!), and extensive public hearings—any business of any agent of the federal government? In Judge Hatter's mind, local transit fares are a federal issue because raising them might constitute a civil rights violation.

The plaintiffs in this case claimed that minority bus riders would bear the brunt of fare increases, whereas "white rail ridership" would be exempt. This was bogus on its face: the ridership of L.A. County's main rail line (the Long Beach Blue Line) is two-thirds minority. The other two rail corridors serve communities with 89% and 81% minority populations.

As for the bus fare increase itself, it was proposed to the MTA board by Chief Executive Officer Frank White, who is black. It was formally introduced in the form of a motion by board member Gloria Molina, who is Hispanic. Her motion was seconded by Mel Wilson, another black. The motion passed by a two-thirds majority coalition that included liberals and conservatives, Republicans and Democrats, whites, blacks, and Hispanics.

What were all these alleged civil rights violators thinking? For one, they were thinking about equity for the very people on whose behalf the NAACP lawsuit was ostensibly filed. Under the current fare structure, poorer people paying a per-ride cash fare of $1.10 subsidize people who are relatively better off, who can thus afford to pay $42 in a lump sum for monthly passes, and who in turn end up paying an average of 42 cents per ride.

For another, they were reacting to the fact that monthly passes proved to be subject to widespread counterfeiting and fraudulent use.

And to repeat, another major objective of MTA board members in restructuring bus fares was to halt the decline in revenues which, if allowed to continue, will lead to service cuts that would be especially devastating to members of the poor and minority communities who are dependent on public transit.

Under the new fare structure, the monthly pass was to be eliminated. The per-ride cash fare was to be raised 25 cents, to $1.35. And the current policy of offering ten ride-tokens for $9 was to be continued. To the extent the new policy succeeded, then, most regular riders would end up paying the same 90-cent fare. Thus those who had been paying $1.10 per ride would actually benefit from a significant fare decrease. And in general, the county's cash fares, adjusted for cost-of-living differences, would remain near the bottom among the ten largest transit properties in the U.S.

ONE IS almost forced to conclude that the aim of lawsuits like that filed to halt this restructuring of transit fares is not at all to improve people's lot, but rather to further an ideology. Indeed, in response to Judge Hatter's preliminary injunction against the fare hike, Eric Mann, director of the Labor/Community Strategy Center—on whose partial behalf the NAACP had filed suit—said: "What we showed today is that transit is a human right." And relatedly, he might have added, that democratic self government is not.

And again: should the Judge and civil rights professionals succeed in turning the meaning of civil rights on its head in this case, the chief practical consequence will be the most harm to those with the least to spend on transportation, because the public bus system will go under.

It must be said: this whole episode gives new meaning to the phrase, mad as a Hatter. □

Tomás de la Plata lives in Fullerton, California, and rides public transit daily to Los Angeles.

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Illegal Immigration Costs Revisited

CALIFORNIA is beset by invasion on two fronts. From the East, after a long and arduous journey from South America, Killer Bees have momentarily paused at the Colorado River—presumably not out of respect for California's border, but to regroup for their final push into the Promised Land. It remains to be seen whether they will be ruled eligible for welfare benefits and free medical care or whether—as is more likely—they will be subjected to an hysterical, mean-spirited, species-specific xenophobia.

Meanwhile, from the South, a full-scale invasion is already underway by illegal immigrants. "Invasion"? This very term is being used by Governor Pete Wilson, who claims furthermore that the federal government has a constitutional obligation to step in and save the state.

Wilson may have a point! According to Article IV Section 4 of the Constitution, "The United States shall guarantee to every State in this Union a republican form of government, and shall protect each of them against invasion." Undoubtedly the Framers had foreign invasion in mind, but surely non-military invasions can also be destructive of a state's public weal.

Wilson's more plausible argument is that unfunded federal mandates violate the federalism provisions of the Tenth Amendment. Therefore he is asking Washington to reimburse the state for federally-mandated welfare, medical, and educational expenditures for illegal aliens, presenting a bill that exceeds $10 billion.

Predictably, Wilson is denounced by immigrant-rights professionals. "This is just histrionics," says Charles Wheeler, director of the National Immigration Law Center. "It is unfortunate that the governor would continue his explosive rhetoric that only serves to feed the fires of prejudice and fear in this state."

Now the Clinton administration has weighed into the debate, in an attempt to defuse the issue that is proving most harmful to Kathleen Brown, Wilson's Democratic challenger. Wilson has "substantially exaggerated" the cost of providing services to illegal aliens, the administration has asserted, citing a just-released report of the Urban Institute, a liberal Washington, D.C., think-tank.

This report, commissioned last December by the Office of Management and Budget, alleges that educating illegals costs California only about $1.3 billion annually, rather than the $2.1 billion cited by Wilson. It sets the cost of providing medical services to illegals at between $113 million and $166 million, far below Wilson's $360 million figure. On the other hand, there seems to be no dispute that California pays in the neighborhood of $368 million per year to incarcerate illegals convicted of crimes.

Also according to the Urban Institute study, illegal aliens now pay an estimated $732 million in taxes, or about 1.7 per cent of California's tax revenues, whereas they make up about 4.6 per cent of the state's population. Thus, while the report was calculated to counter Wilson's claims, it virtually put to rest the stubborn contention of immigrant-rights professionals that illegal aliens contribute a net plus to the California economy, by paying more in taxes than they take in welfare, education, and medical benefits.

Whatever the exact figures, the report documents that California taxpayers are forking out huge sums to provide federally-mandated services to illegal aliens. "We can quibble over the numbers," Wilson said in response, "but the Urban Institute has effectively sent the president a bill totaling $1.8 billion for California."

AT THE CENTER of California's immigration debate is Proposition 187, the November ballot measure that will cut off welfare benefits, free medical care, and public schooling for illegal aliens. Recent polls indicate that it appeals to a large majority of California voters, including a near-majority of Hispanics. Governor Wilson has made support of Proposition 187 one of the major planks in his campaign for reelection. Kathleen Brown opposes it.

Brown is caught in an impossible situation: she can't ignore the tide of public opinion that favors Prop 187, but she also can't ignore her powerful supporters in the public teachers union, one of California's wealthiest campaign contributors. The union is fearful that the ban on public schooling for illegal aliens will drastically reduce student population and throw union members out of jobs. In past years, the union was responsible for legislation making it illegal for a teacher to report illegal alien students to the INS or even to inquire into their immigration status.

Recently Brown has been reduced to lamenting that she does not think that *all* of California's problems are caused by illegal immigrants, and Bill Press, the state's Democratic Party Chairman, to spewing hackneyed charges of racism.

Kathleen Brown has been one of the few national Democrats who have asked President Clinton for active help in this year's elections. It looks like his help's been no help, however, on the red hot immigration issue.

—EDWARD J. ERLER

"Their damage done, our legislators break for home."

Edward J. Erler is a member of the California Advisory Commission on Civil Rights.

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Conrad Viljoen, the leader of the white Right, has warm words for Mr. Mandela. Which is why Mandela is indispensable. After the bitter struggles the country has been through, it longs for peace and reconciliation, and he can deliver them like no one else.

The trouble is that no country can really be governed—let alone guided through a process of transformation—simply by having a dear old man with a shining moral character as president. There is, quite unmistakably, a lack of grip in the way the government is being run. The fact is that Mandela, aged 76, having trouble with his eyes and perhaps with his health more generally, has no experience of administration and really can't be expected to learn how to run a cabinet now.

Quite visibly, the cabinet does not work. Thus Omar Dullah, the Minister of Justice, bitterly attacked the U.S. over its hostility to Cuba (a passionate cause for the ANC and even more for the South African Communist Party), but the Foreign Ministry, conscious of President Clinton's warm support for the Mandela government, observed a glacial silence until Dullah declared that actually he had never made the offending speech. Similarly, Joe Modise, the Minister of Defense, made a bitter attack on Israel, announced the purchase of corvettes for the navy, and tried to censor a newspaper, all without cabinet consent. The Ministry of Administration ceded control of vital water resources to the provinces without consulting the Ministry of Water Affairs, which had to fight furiously to snatch control back.

Executive Paralysis

ON ISSUE after issue the cabinet seems unwilling to reach decisions, especially tough decisions. Partly this simply reflects the difficulties of coalition government, partly it is because ANC ministers are running scared of the ANC caucus in Parliament, but it is also because the ANC is simply so Opposition-minded that many of its ministers seem almost incapable of taking responsibility for clear-cut executive decisions.

The sense of drift is quite palpable. Apart from the provision of jobs, housing and education are undoubtedly the two areas dearest to the hearts of the ANC and its electorate, yet there is little sign of movement on either. Joe Slovo, the Minister of Housing, is suffering from bone-marrow cancer; he was in the hospital three times last month and has now taken several weeks' vacation. As yet his ministry has produced no housing plan nor, indeed, built any houses. Tokyo Sexwale, the PWV Premier, has repeatedly insisted that he would build 150,000 houses this year in his region alone. Thus far he has exactly one house to show. Most significant is the failure to produce any scheme for housing finance. At present it is often impossible to collect township rents, and building societies fear to lend: if a township

"I suppose this means we'll be looking at her vacation pictures all afternoon."

purchaser defaults on payments and the house is repossessed, it is not uncommon for the house to be burned down and its new occupants attacked. Unless Mr. Slovo can come up with a scheme which gets around this roadblock, there will be no housing policy and probably very few houses. Meanwhile squatter invasions of housing land continue—Mr. Slovo's courageous stand against such invasions is mere words in the wind—compromising possible future development.

Education is in an even worse mess. The Minister, Sibusiso Bengu, was no sooner in office than he found himself locked in mortal struggle with the ANC Education Desk. Mr. Bengu then had a stroke and has only just returned to the fray. Already he has had to accept that even by 1996 there will still not be a single, integrated education system. Meanwhile, the universities continue to be racked by student troubles, and three hundred school principals in Soweto have been driven out by their pupils. There is a great deal of hand-wringing and some threatening noises about what will happen to the former whites-only schools, but no action at all. Mr. Bengu has now announced a month-long campaign to "change the culture of education." Really, he says, the people must decide what they want: change is up to them. At the end of this campaign the people will, he hopes, come up with fresh ideas . . . for more campaigns.

This populist excuse for executive inaction is paralleled exactly by ministers involved with the Reconstruction and Development Program who harangue mystified audiences to the effect that the government has done its bit and that now it is up to the people to make the RDP a reality. Yet, in the case of education, for example, it is impossible to imagine that things can be improved much without a tough executive crackdown on truant teachers, riotous pupils and corrupt administrators—but such a crackdown would gravely offend the ANC's own populist instincts. Poor Mr. Bengu sits squarely in the middle of that contradiction. Chris Hani, the assassinated Communist leader, once said that he really just wanted to get control of the police, the army, and the media; there was only pain and sorrow, he said, to be had out of running a department such as Education. It is only too apparent how right he was.

One of the reasons why Mr. Bengu's job is such a bed of nails is that under apartheid each homeland and each racial group had its own education department. In addition white education was split among several departments. The result is that Bengu has the difficult and expensive job of amalgamating 19 different education departments into one. In only slightly less complicated versions, the same problem is met with in most other ministries. Indeed, the more one gazes at the bureaucratic maze the more one wonders if this government will ever find its way out of it, let alone carry out its ambitious and much-vaunted programs. The situation is exacerbated by the wholesale use of affirmative-action appointments throughout the state sector, which has brought a large number of inexperienced and some-

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times unqualified people into senior posts.

In an obvious way this is a fine thing: we will have democracy at every level, and large numbers of blacks will acquire jobs previously reserved to a narrow white elite. But it is also clear that the ANC's institutional ambition to transform and democratize all the structures of the state will dramatically impede its programmatic ambition to transform and democratize the structures of society. There is no doubt at all which of these objectives will have priority: the really elemental force in the situation is the determined grab for power and jobs by a small black elite. This is made brutally clear over and over again by the way black ministers have simply suspended all their top white civil servants (at the cost of enormous redundancy payments or, more often, paying them to do no work) in order to give jobs to clients and cronies who are, all too frequently, far less able to carry out the work than the men they have displaced. Moreover, ministers make repeated speeches saying how much they dislike having white civil servants and that their priority is to get them out as quickly as possible.

Inevitably, the most bitter in such denunciations is Winnie Mandela, now a deputy minister. (Mrs. Mandela's arrival in Cape Town has, by the bye, plunged the local couturiers into panic, for she has expensive tastes in clothes, a well-publicized record as a poor bill-payer, and a reputation that instills real fear. Cape Town dress shops fear that if they extend her credit they may wait a long time to get paid, but that if they don't they could become, well, accident prone.)

In her attacks on her white staff Mrs. Mandela is, however, speaking for a larger constituency. Inevitably, the morale of white civil servants has plummeted, and the Public Servants' Association has warned that most departments are in a state of utter chaos, with a complete breakdown in communications between the political and administrative hierarchies; the PSA could, it said, see only two departments that seemed to be working properly. The ability of the bureaucracy to implement social change is thus being sacrificed to the higher need of satisfying the career ambitions of a mere handful. You could argue that the fact that white conservatives are horrified by all this merely shows how stupid most of them are: if they examined their own interests they would surely be delighted at this self-inflicted paralysis. But one of the most heartening sides of the new South Africa is the lack of such cynicism: people of all races and persuasions, even the most reactionary, do want the new government to work.

Same Old Story

YET the fact is that power in South Africa is merely being transferred to the same bureaucratic bourgeoisie that took power elsewhere in Africa. To anyone who has read René Dumont's *False Start in Africa*, the really telltale sign is the large salaries of the new elite in what is, after all, merely a medium-income developing country. President Mandela is paid the same as Bill Clinton, both his vice presidents are paid more than Al Gore, and all cabinet ministers are paid considerably more than a British prime minister. The remuneration of MPs is similarly lavish: indeed, some of their privileges are quite startling, such as a ration of 48 free air-tickets a month. Thabo Mbeki's irritation with the press may have something to do with the coverage he received over the improvements he ordered to his two vice-presidential mansions: rather than use the stairs to go up to his second floor, as ordinary mortals do, he decided that he must, at vast public expense, install elevators.

"If elected, I promise to work for lower medical costs, so everyone can afford to get sick!"

There is a great deal more of this sort of thing. One of the choicest examples is the Public Service Commission, which has the job of supervising civil-service recruitment—which, at the moment, means ignoring all the obvious meritocratic rules. The members of the Commission, when asked what their salaries were, tried hard not to divulge them but in the end admitted that they too were taking home more than a British prime minister gets.

In opposition the ANC had rightly been loud in criticism of the government "gravy train" operated by the Nationalists. Thus the sight of ANC MPs and ministers helping themselves to more gravy than the Nationalists ever dared has naturally stirred a strong reaction, not just in the press but among the ANC's own rank and file. The protests have been led by Archbishop Desmond Tutu, who declared himself shocked by the greed of the new elite. The result was pure comic opera. The ANC national executive, which had not met for four months, was summoned to urgent conclave at this threat to its membership in the acquistive society. The executive issued a communiqué sternly declaring that "the ANC is committed to eradicating the 'gravy train' arising from the 'apartheid era' " and going on to caution against "hasty and uninformed judgments" about high government salaries. The next week ANC MPs rammed through another increase in their salaries, and voices were raised suggesting that the press be barred in future from the Rules Committee (which controls such changes), something that not even the Nationalists had thought of. Criticism of their salaries was, the MPs said, "racist." This point was put to Tutu. "Have you noticed my complexion?" he asked.

But Tutu is playing Canute. Moral strictures will hardly be enough to halt the creation of a wealthy new political class. In one sense Chris Hani's dream has been realized—we have Communists in charge of the Police, Defense, and the South African Broadcasting Corporation. All told, 12 ministers are Communists or "close to the SACP," as the saying goes. Theoretically, this ranks South Africa alongside Cuba and North Korea,

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but happily such labels are of slight importance next to the sociological fact of class creation. It is doubtful if any set of laws, let alone moral strictures, can halt this process.

Among the new elite there is, indeed, a decided casualness about the observation of the law. Thus, for example, there now seems no hope that the ANC security guards who shot down scores of royalist Zulus in the streets of Johannesburg shortly before the election will be brought to justice, the police having been several times prevented by main force from conducting their inquiries. This massacre—almost as big as Sharpeville—is simply an embarrassment to the new class and is being swept under the carpet. Or again, the Communist Party has suspended its Natal leader, Harry Gwala, in connection with allegations that he was attempting to murder a number of ANC leaders, but even this homicide angle is treated as a purely internal party matter, and the police have not been brought in. Similarly, the office of the PWV leader, Tokyo Sexwale, frequently regales us with stories that Sexwale's life is being threatened by drug barons; again, there is no thought of involving the police. Or again, merchants of all sorts around the country are having to file suit against the ANC over its huge chain of bad debts, but they are having little joy. In Durban the local sheriff, ordered by the court to seize the ANC offices for their nonpayment of rent, has been forcibly prevented from doing his duty by armed ANC guards. Exactly how far the writ of law runs often seems queasily uncertain.

Will the Bubble Burst?

AT PRESENT the government's rudderless drift and the rapid enrichment of the new class proceed in parallel under the benevolent umbrella of President Mandela's charisma. In addition, the political truce that was sealed by Inkatha's last-minute entry into the election remains in place, and while it does the levels of political violence stay sharply lower than before. Foreign visitors and trade delegations come and go, the country's athletes tour abroad, South Africa is back in the world. It all feels better; is, indeed, better. But the yawning contradiction between the new elite's revolutionary rhetoric and its actual behavior is bound to provoke public discontent in time.

One is tempted to say that things can't go on like this, but they probably will. These are early days, of course, and some of the new ministers will gradually learn how to do their jobs. But already the markets have taken account of the government's tendency to throw money at problems without really dealing with them. Accordingly, even before the government has gone into the markets to borrow, long bond rates have drifted up from 12 per cent in January to over 17 per cent now, an effective vote of no confidence. Unless the government can reverse the impression it has made on the markets it could find its reform plans crippled by the higher cost of capital.

Equally, the tension between the enrichissez-vous ethics of the new elite and the still worsening poverty of the masses is bound to produce press criticism which the new elite will absolutely hate. How secure press freedom will then be is a good question. It has to be remembered that the three parties making up the government—the ANC, Inkatha, and the Nationalists—have three things in common: a long history of resistance to liberal democracy, an intolerance of criticism, and a willingness to use violence in pursuit of their own political ends. The collision of these three has, paradoxically, produced a liberal democratic constitution, but the cause of liberal democracy is still under considerable threat.

One safeguard is that the government is going to depend heavily on international aid, trade, and investment, a dependence that will require at least formal compliance with certain democratic norms. One prays that Western donors and investors will maintain the same tough moral standards toward democracy in South Africa under black rule that they applied in the era of sanctions and disinvestment under white rule.

Despite his uncertain grip on affairs, Mr. Mandela is the other guarantee: his is a genuinely democratic spirit and while he is at the helm the more hegemonic and authoritarian impulses within his party will be held in check. The really unfortunate thing about Mr. Mandela is that he is now in his 77th year. The tragedy of his wasted 28 years in jail grows, rather than diminishes, with time. □

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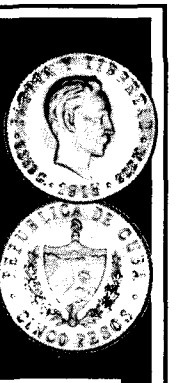

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The Clinton Gang

CONFISCATION BY CONSENT DECREE

They've already come for the banks and the pension funds. Don't laugh—you may be next.

PAUL CRAIG ROBERTS

EXTORTION, a federal crime, is now a favorite tactic of the U.S. Department of Justice. So far the feds are extorting only banks, but Justice Department honchos Janet Reno and Deval Patrick have plans to expand their victim base to include all financial institutions—pension funds, mutual funds, private mortgage companies, insurance companies. The weapon is the threat of racial-discrimination suits, and the bandit gang includes Frank Newman, a Treasury undersecretary; Eugene Ludwig, Comptroller of the Currency; Robert Reich, Labor Secretary; Jonathan Fiechter, acting director of the Office of Thrift Management; Roberta Achtenberg, Assistant Secretary for Fair Housing and Equal Opportunity at HUD; the Federal Reserve; and the American Bankers Association.

What is the ABA doing in this gang? It joined in pursuit of a level playing field. Since the bankers now have to pay protection money to stay in business, they want their competitors to incur the same added costs.

The Justice Department first got into the extortion racket when left-wingers realized that taxpayer revolt limited the moneys that they could squeeze out of the tax system for their redistributionist schemes. So they went to work to commandeer the assets of the two biggest pools of private money that had so far escaped their hooks: private pensions and the banking system.

The gang began with the banks, because their heavily regulated status and the Community Reinvestment Act made them vulnerable to government pressure, whereas pension funds were protected by the Employee Retirement Income Security Act (ERISA), which, as originally construed, requires that pension funds be invested solely for the benefit of participants.

In 1992 Alicia Munnell—then an official at the Boston Federal Reserve Bank and now a temperamental Assistant Secretary of the Treasury for Economic Policy—concocted a "study" that

purported to find racial discrimination in mortgage lending. The flaws of the study have been pointed out by researchers at the Federal Deposit Insurance Corporation and by numerous journalists (including Peter Brimelow and Leslie Spencer of *Forbes*) and scholars (including Nobel Prize–winner Gary Becker). Basically, Miss Munnell concluded that blacks had a higher mortgage-rejection rate than whites and that this was evidence of racial discrimination.

The FDIC discovered that Miss Munnell's data set was contaminated by two institutions that specialized in soliciting mortgage applications from marginally qualified blacks. The higher rejection rate that she found damning stemmed entirely from the active solicitation of applicants who were unlikely to be qualified. Moreover, any economist worth his or her salt would know that a charge of racial discrimination in lending would require that loans to minorities show lower default rates than loans to whites. Lower default rates would be a sign that stricter standards were applied to minorities, which in turn would mean that at the margin where decisions are made, blacks were being turned down in favor of whites who were riskier (and therefore less profitable) prospects.

Miss Munnell's study offered no evidence whatsoever that discrimination had stopped the market from equalizing default rates and that lenders were forgoing profits in order to give whites preference over blacks. No economist will credit this claim, which flies in the face of a fundamental tenet of economic analysis, but this didn't stop our government from using Miss Munnell's study to force a sham discrimination settlement on Shawmut Mortgage Company, a subsidiary of Shawmut National Corporation.

First Hostage

SHAWMUT was vulnerable because it had expansion plans and, ironically, a special facility that lends to blacks who cannot meet the normal criteria for a mortgage. The latter radiated a typical liberal guilt syndrome that the government could manipulate, and the former gave the government leverage to hold the bank's business hostage to a settlement.

The surprise player in the extortion was market economist and Federal Reserve Governor Lawrence B. Lindsey, who blocked Shawmut's planned acquisitions until the bank agreed to settle the sham suit, which had no individual complainants. The absence of any victims meant that Shawmut had to fork over only a token $1 million. The Justice Department wasn't interested in the money and had no idea to whom to give it. The Department was testing its powers to hold a business hostage in order to develop law by consent decree that could then be applied to other businesses.

The next victim, Chevy Chase Federal Savings Bank in Maryland, didn't get off so easily. In the Chevy

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Chase case, the government, now confident of its dictatorial powers, didn't bother with a study. The Justice Department pronounced the bank guilty of an infraction so new that it is not on the statute books: the failure to open enough branches in "majority African-American Census tracts," as the coerced consent decree puts it, in the District of Columbia and Prince George's County. In short, Chevy Chase was told that if it wanted to conduct business in suburban Maryland, it had to open four superfluous branches in black Census tracts, to budget advertising for black publications, to adopt more employment quotas, and to make loans to blacks with interest rates "at either one percent less than the prevailing rate or one-half percent below the market rate combined with a grant to be applied to the down payment requirements," to quote from the government's triumphant press release.

If banks can be forced to lend to "protected minorities" at below-market rates, then it follows that banks could be forced to give interest-free mortgages. The government is developing precedents that will permit it to extend this unpredictable form of taxation from banks to all U.S. businesses—a development that has serious implications for their profits and capitalized values.

Cornell University law professor Jonathan R. Macey says, "The government's willingness to proceed with litigation in the absence of evidence of discrimination . . . is scandalous in a nation that purports to be governed by the rule of law." The Justice Department is substituting coercion for law and creating a status-based legal system in which privileges are granted on the basis of race. To understand how great these privileges are, consider the fact that if Chevy Chase's executives awarded themselves loans on the terms they must now offer blacks, they would be indicted for self-dealing.

In the new legal regime that is being created by consent decree, every bank with one or more branches that does not have branches in black Census tracts is guilty of racial discrimination. In Attorney General Janet Reno's expanded interpretation of disparate impact, banks without branches in minority Census tracts are guilty of shunning "an entire community because of its racial makeup."

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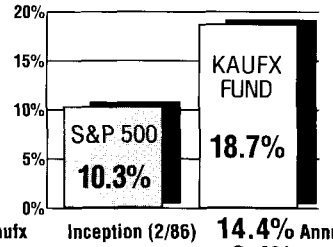

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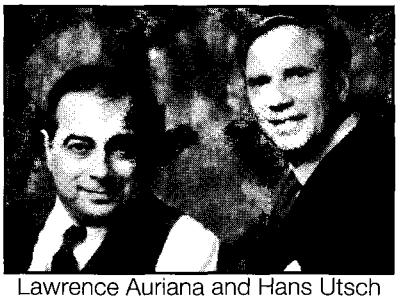

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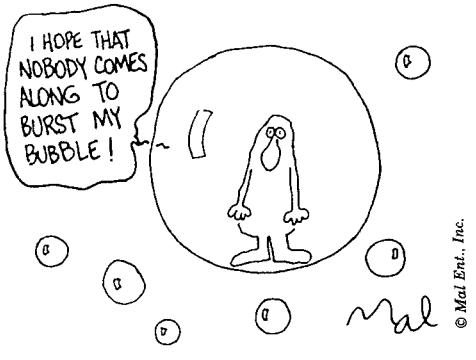
When Pigs Whistle

If the last shall be first
  As the Good Book insists,
Choosing Quayle (still the last
  On Republican lists)
Would mean pigs, heretofore
  An unmusical lot,
Would be whistling along
  With the kettle and pot.

W. H. VON DREELE

"The first one I went to had a dog!"



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HUD

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The Community Reinvestment Act, which once meant that banks had to serve the communities in which they collected deposits, now means that banks cannot have a disproportionate number of branches in white Census tracts or make a disproportionate share of loans to white customers. To enforce compliance with the new legal regime created by consent decree, federal regulators are trying to force banks to report the race and gender

Other People's Money

THE Justice Department's case against Chevy Chase Savings Bank has set off warning bells in the banking industry. By claiming that Chevy Chase had violated the Fair Housing and Equal Credit Opportunity Acts without producing any evidence that any actual loan applicants were discriminated against, Justice is saying banks may no longer specialize in serving a market. Industry observers who followed the case closely believe the Justice Department was forced to make the nebulous claim of discrimination against a "community" because it failed to find any evidence of bias in specific loans issued. "Justice came up empty, so they went back and took another cut," says one observer.

The Justice Department found something nefarious in the fact that Chevy Chase had located most of its branches in white neighborhoods, as if the bank's motivation were to avoid black customers. The bank was even chastised for the branches it *has* in minority neighborhoods. The department complained that one branch "was first opened by the defendants at a time when the Census tract was white," while others were acquired through a merger. This complaint suggests that banks can pass Justice scrutiny only by deliberately choosing minority neighborhoods for their new branches.

But such willy-nilly branching would draw frowns from the banking industry's traditional regulators. Before approving a new branch, the Office of Thrift Supervision (OTS) generally wants the bank to show that it will be a profit-making entity. The Justice Department, in contrast, seems to believe that if an institution is profitable as a whole, it should be able to support a few money-losing branches and a few bad loans. In this view, fiduciary responsibility takes a back seat to the political goal of providing large sums of cash to favored groups. Attorney General Janet Reno proudly claims that "$140 million in special financing" will grow out of the Chevy Chase settlement.

S&L analyst Bert Ely, who was "appalled" by the Justice action, is worried about this drift to cross-subsidies in branching and loans. "If you charge a below-market interest rate, then I would say that bank is engaged in unsafe lending practices," he says. Below-market loans are an explicit part of the Chevy Chase settlement, with $7 million in loans being offered at rates up to a full point below the market rate. Such deals, which have been fairly common in recent settlements, can be absorbed now, when bank profits are running high. But in leaner times, banks will have to make up the difference by charging other customers more.

Regulators at the OTS and the Fed are worried by the Justice Department's apparent lack of concern for institutional safety and soundness. The genesis of the Chevy Chase case is revealing: it was not referred to Justice by the OTS; rather, the Justice investigation was prompted by a series of stories in the *Washington Post* on alleged lending bias in the Washington area. The *Post*'s role should send a chill down the spine of bankers everywhere, because the paper is one of the agenda-setters for the nation's news industry. It won't be hard for smaller papers to round up loan data, crunch some numbers, and conclude that Acme S&L is discriminating. The story can win awards, and local activists can send the clips to Justice to start an investigation. There is a special incentive for minority-targeted newspapers to run such stories; Justice will require Chevy Chase to place "at least 960 column inches" of ads in black-targeted publications each year as a condition of the settlement. Smart bankers will take out similar ads at the first phone call from a reporter doing a story on lending bias.

These developments have provoked little comment from Republicans in Congress. One explanation is that Representative Jim Leach (Iowa) and Senator Alfonse D'Amato (N.Y.), the ranking Republicans on the Banking Committees, are preoccupied by Whitewater and the interstate branching bill. Some Republicans also suggest that it's worth waiting to address the matter next year, when they may control the committees. Even if Democrats hold onto the House, Banking Committee Chairman Henry Gonzalez (Tex.) is widely expected to be deposed by fellow Democrats tired of his demagoguery.

Republicans also admit to following the lead of the banking industry, which meekly accepted Justice's ruling. "On something like this, we generally wait to hear from people in the industry," a Senate aide explains. With large banks focused on winning interstate branching, small banks circumspectly resisting it, and no one eager to side with supposed racists, those industry people never materialized.

A potential expansion of the Justice Department's assault could awaken Republicans from their slumber. Given that Justice used the Equal Credit Opportunity Act (ECOA) to clip Chevy Chase rather than the law that deals specifically with red-lining, the department may be gearing up to go after non-bank creditors, a move favored by groups such as the Association of Community Organizations for Reform Now (ACORN). ECOA applies to all institutions that regularly supply credit—including department stores, auto dealerships, and other big-ticket retailers. Applying the logic of the Chevy Chase case, Justice could argue that retailers have shunned entire communities and must open cut-rate stores in minority neighborhoods. More likely is "reform" of the way retailers grant credit. It's always easy to find good uses for other people's money. —JEFF A. TAYLOR

Mr. Taylor is a national political reporter for Evans & Novak.

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composition of all their consumer and business loans. To fully see the mischief in this, consider that a male–female partnership is classified as male unless the woman holds 51 per cent of the equity; likewise for a white–black partnership. Husband–wife co-signed loans are also male under the proposed reporting form.

Now that the banks have been conquered, the Clintonistas have mutual funds and pension funds in their crosshairs. Treasury Undersecretary Newman wants a percentage of mutual-fund assets "invested" in community projects such as public housing. Currency Comptroller Ludwig wants all financial institutions to understand that "we need your help in the community." Labor Secretary Robert Reich has set the stage for private pension holdings to be diverted into public housing and other such "investments" by amending the ERISA regulations so that pension-fund managers can invest in "socially useful" public programs that have "collateral benefits" over and above the private welfare of the pensioner. Such "socially useful" investments will be defined by the secretaries of HUD and Labor.

The American people are totally in the dark about the substantial tax imposed by unelected regulators that is about to take a chunk of their pension and mutual funds. They will learn nothing of this extraordinary development from the mindless establishment media. The "people's representatives" in Congress are silent. One day Americans are going to wake up to discover, as the beneficiaries of the Kansas Public Employees Retirement System recently did, that a portion of their pension has been lost in uneconomic investments in public housing that had "collateral benefits" approved by HUD.

Americans will soon have to come to grips with the startling fact that their government is the only active socialist government on the face of the earth. Everywhere else socialism has given way to privatization. Where the old socialist forms still stand, they are hollow, devoid of ideological energy. In the United States, Clintonista activists are rapidly changing the nature of our institutions. The American people have dismissed Clinton as a womanizing clown, but he has staffed his Administration with determined socialist-minded officials who have set their sights on everything we have. □

A Tale of Two Governors

LUCK v. SUBSTANCE

John Engler would bomb on the comedy circuit, but he could give George Voinovich policy seminars.

DANIEL D. POLSBY

GEORGE Voinovich likes to say: There is no Republican way to run government and no Democratic way—just a right way and a wrong way. And he likes to say: I'm not liberal and I'm not conservative—just practical.

Everybody seems to like Ohio's governor. He combines the genial, self-assured bearing of a country-club Republican with the ethnic flavor of a son, or in his case grandson, of Slovenia. His political base is in one of the most Democratic areas of the country, Cleveland's East Side. He served ten years as mayor of Cleveland, where he presided over the renovation of the decrepit downtown. After unsuccessfully challenging incumbent Senator Howard Metzenbaum six years ago, Mr. Voinovich easily won election as governor in 1990. Today, he is sitting on a re-election war chest of over $6 million, very little of which he will need to spend in defeating his main op-

Mr. Polsby is a professor of law at Northwestern University.

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Del Bach

ponent, Democrat Robert Burch, who has less than $40,000 in the bank and—what is almost surreal in this strongly two-party state—a deficit in the polls of thirty points or more.

Mr. Voinovich is the sort of Republican who likes to tidy up the boxes on organization charts, pinch pennies, and raise taxes; he successfully flogged for two major income-tax increases in his time as mayor and one as governor. His virtues are managerial and avuncular. That shouldn't be enough, in this day and age, to propel a spectacularly successful political career, but Mr. Voinovich has had one thing going for him that dominates all else in politics as in life: the luck of the draw in opponents.

In 1979, George Voinovich was an obscure young lieutenant governor, who had been chosen by Governor James Rhodes as a running mate because, in Mr. Rhodes's words, "he don't bother nobody." At that time, Cleveland's mayor was Dennis Kucinich, who had a habit of denouncing the city's tax base as greedy capitalist bloodsuckers. Cleveland's creditors found it increasingly difficult to deal with Mr. Kucinich's many tantrums, and eventually they quit trying. Cleveland, already a routine butt of Johnny Carson gags about urban turkeyhood, fell into default as banks refused to roll over one maturing bond after another. With every long knife in the city, regardless of party affiliation, out to get Mr. Kucinich, his re-election bid was hopeless, and the soothing Mr. Voinovich, who had acceded to the business community's blandishments to run, stepped into a situation that could only get better.

As the Republican mayor of Ohio's most Democratic city, Mr. Voinovich found that a national spotlight was on him, and he did not fritter away the opening. He swiftly calmed Cleveland's hostile relations with its banks and bondholders, kicked off a revitalization campaign for the city's business district, and busily set about making the city's chaotic books auditable.

Though the neighborhoods profited little from the city's surge and the public schools continued mouldering, the mayor's popularity remained buoyant. In two subsequent elections, challengers found it impossible to crack Voinovich's odd coalition of Yugoslavian working people and Business Roundtable big shots.

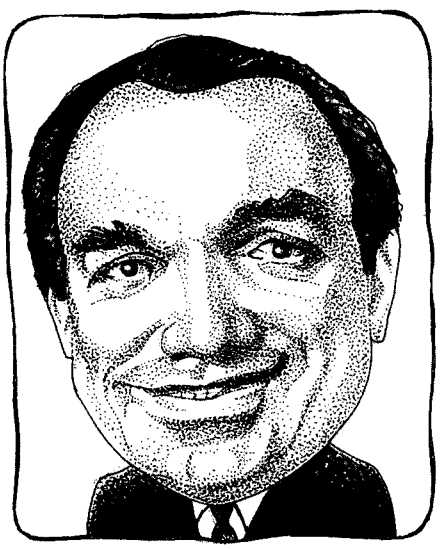
In the 1988 senatorial election, Voinovich temporarily lost his touch, and Metzenbaum trounced him. Two years later, George Voinovich was back, running for governor as he had run for mayor: as the antidote to a scandal-scored, populist-liberal regime. Mr. Voinovich made a great success of this theme even though Governor Richard Celeste, constitutionally barred from seeking re-election, was not even running. Since his election, Mr. Voinovich has run comfortably true to form, boasting of managerial efficiencies in executive departments and steering clear of most political controversies, though he did, as Chairman of the Governors' Conference, strongly support NAFTA.

With Mr. Voinovich's re-election as governor a foregone conclusion, speculation has already begun about his future on a national ticket. He is, in most obvious respects, the vice-presidential candidate from Central Casting. First, he offers a lodgment in Ohio, a bellwether state with 21 electoral votes. Second, he would balance a ticket headed by a Westerner, a Southerner, or an Easterner. Third, he would balance a ticket headed by a WASP: he is a devout Catholic with better-than-average resonance among normally Democratic Eastern European and even black constituencies. Fourth, he offers ideological balance as against the philosophy of any conceivable presidential nominee, because he has no more political philosophy than a Labrador retriever. Fifth, the way things are shaping up nationally, President Clinton's re-election bid will pose just the kind of challenge that Mr. Voinovich has successfully met twice before: putting the skids under undisciplined boy-wonders and running them out of town. Finally, he could be counted on to continue not bothering nobody, and most especially never upstaging his principal.

A Gambling Man

MICHIGAN'S Governor John Engler is Mr. Voinovich's polar opposite. Begin with personality. Anyone who has heard Mr. Engler try to warm up a crowd with a joke would counsel the governor to keep his day job. In front of an audience he is, to put it succinctly, a stiff. Yet his grasp of his state and of his job is commanding, and, in contrast to Mr. Voinovich, he instinctively emphasizes cutting political issues. Newspapers usually call Mr. Engler's politics "conservative," but this is sheer laziness. Mr. Voinovich is conservative; Mr. Engler is one of the nation's premier risk-taking governors.

Mr. Engler's most famous gamble received a great deal of dumbfounded publicity a little over a year ago. Michigan had allowed the funding of its public-school system to become far more dependent on local property taxes than the school system in almost any other state. Mr. Engler had promised property-tax relief, but his reform proposals



Del Bach

always foundered in the legislature. In the summer of 1993, Democrats, in a ploy to illustrate the supposed intellectual bankruptcy of Mr. Engler's plans, pushed a proposal through the state House of Representatives that would simply abolish school funding through property taxes. Mr. Engler did not blink. He got the state's Republi-

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can-dominated Senate to pass the measure too, and then he signed it. And so, in July of 1993, Michigan enacted into law a $6.6-billion deficit in its public-school budget, effective as of July 1, 1994, with absolutely no substitute funding provided for. An historic opportunity to rethink the system, said Mr. Engler. Bystanders likened it to jumping off a diving board without first checking to see whether there was water in the pool.

Under the gun, the state acted, jacking up the sales tax and cigarette taxes to cover the funding shortfall. But the upshot of this political melodrama has not been without controversy. If property taxes were cut, the potential for central control of education from Lansing was increased. Mr. Engler has always espoused the principle that funding should follow the student, not the school—which is another way of putting the case for vouchers. But like other governors who have pushed for school choice, Mr. Engler was unable to make vouchers a part of his educational reform. Instead he settled for a halfway house called charter schools, which entitles nonprofit groups to set up ("charter") their own schools, and makes these eligible for state funding. But what if a charter school assigned a textbook that mentioned God? Vouchers pretty clearly do not violate the First Amendment's Establishment Clause; but might state funding to a charter school? Stay tuned; the matter is currently under litigation.

Many governers have been active in welfare reform in recent years, Mr. Engler more than most. For a number of years the bipartisan National Governors' Conference has said that the national welfare system requires a root-and-branch overhaul. But it is politically tricky simply to kick people off welfare rolls without substituting even more expensive public-employment opportunities. President Clinton's failure to propose welfare reform in the last Congress is undoubtedly a byproduct of his inability to think of a politically correct way to accomplish reform without spending more money than currently. Mr. Engler is one of a few governors who have taken the position that the private sector has plenty of opportunities for willing workers, and that the state has no need to set itself up as the employer of last resort. Tens of thousands of general-assistance re-

(Continues on page 76)

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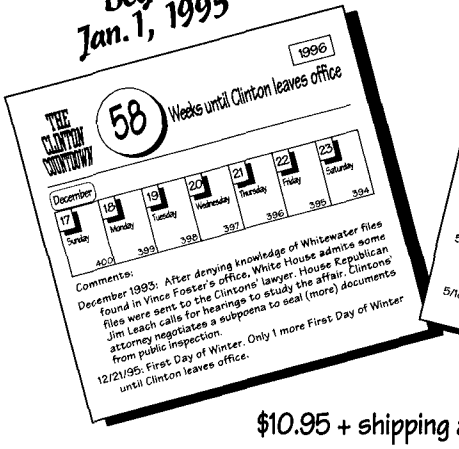
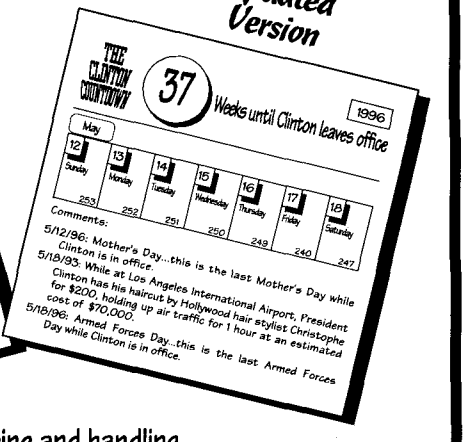

THE CLINTON COUNTDOWN
58
Weeks until Clinton leaves office
1996
December
Comments:
December 1993: After denying knowledge of Whitewater files found in Vince Foster's office, White House admits some files were sent to the Clintons' lawyer. House Republican Jim Leach calls for hearings to study the affair. Clintons attorney negotiates a subpoena to seal (more) documents from public inspection.
12/21/95: First Day of Winter. Only 1 more First Day of Winter until Clinton leaves office.

Updated Version


THE CLINTON COUNTDOWN
37
Weeks until Clinton leaves office
1996
May
Comments:
5/12/96: Mother's Day...this is the last Mother's Day while Clinton is in office.
5/18/93: While at Los Angeles International Airport, President Clinton has his haircut by Hollywood hair stylist Christophe for $200, holding up air traffic for 1 hour at an estimated cost of $70,000.
5/18/96: Armed Forces Day...this is the last Armed Forces Day while Clinton is in office.

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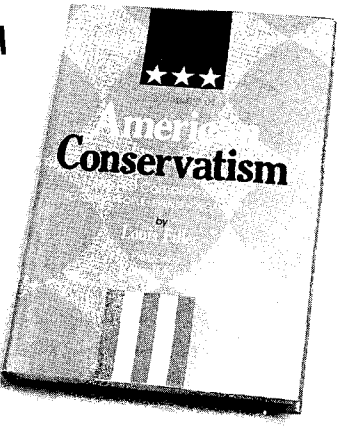

We just stumbled across 50 copies of Louis Filler's highly-praised 1987 **Dictionary of American Conservatism** in the *NR* storeroom. This 380-page hardcover classic is an unmatched compendium of the events, issues and people that *are* the conservative movement (there are over 1,500 entries!). A great addition to any library, this conservative must-have can be yours for only $29.95 (that includes shipping and handling!). But remember, we have only 50 copies left, so it's first come, first served. Don't delay – order now.

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THE VICE PRESIDENT

WASHINGTON

October 3, 1994

Dear Rusty,

This is an unusual letter for someone in my particular position to write. Ordinarily, it might be more appropriate for, say, the Vice President, or even his wife—who is quite beautiful—to write to you, their longtime friend. But I'm writing to ask a favor, and in return I offer a signed photo of myself and Rosalynn, my wife, in our housebuilding outfits.

You see, I came here to the White House this morning to brief Secretaries of State Talbott-Gergen on my most recent communications with the Hon. Raoul Cédras and his wife—who is stunning, really—and to discuss further their hopes, and may I humbly add, to share with them my small insights into the worsening North Korean situation. This brief meeting—which was scheduled for 10:30 AM but which, to my chagrin, actually began at 10:34 (a situation, let me modestly suggest, that would not have happened while I occupied the Oval Office)—was followed by an even briefer meeting with Leon Panetta, until I finally begged a few moments' peace to gather my thoughts and perhaps steal (in the figurative sense, meaning "to eke out" or "squeeze in") a bit of solitude to a) pray once again for the continuing struggle against aggression and bloodshed throughout the globe; and b) write down the names of all the people who snubbed me this morning.

I was led into the Vice President's office—he's away, apparently, campaigning for Kathleen Brown in California, she being the sister of the man who ran against me for President in 1976, which I can only interpret as a deeply personal snub on the part of the Vice President; followed tomorrow, I'm told, by a campaign swing through Massachusetts to stump for a man who ran against me in 1980. How long, oh Lord, will the snubs and humiliations last? Were I to mention the last two, even in passing, well, we know what they'd say. "There goes that petty, small-minded Carter again," they'd chirp jealously. "Oh, how he takes everything personally."

Of course I take everything personally. Everyone is out to get me.

Nicolae Ceausescu told a cute story during his state visit to the United States, which occurred during my tenure here at the White House. It seems that in a little village in the Rumanian countryside there lived an ugly little goat boy. He was half boy, half goat, and all the children in the village teased him and tormented him, until finally he could stand it no longer. So one day, during the village harvest festival, with the whole village gathered in the square, the little goat boy shot himself.

At this point in the story, Ceausescu suddenly broke down in tears. Huge, gasping sobs emanated from his chest as rivers of tears cascaded down his interestingly cut suit.

I went to him.

"Nicolae," I said softly, "do you sometimes feel lik that little goat boy?"

He nodded wordlessly, his lower lip trembling.

"And is that why you sometimes do bad things?"

He nodded again.

"And do you promise never ever ever to do bad things again?"

He shrugged, but I took it as a nod. Just then Elena, his drop-dead gorgeous wife, looked up from her dinner, saw her husband wiping his eyes dry, and smiled sadly. I know they're both up in heaven now. But I like to think that they're looking down o me from on high, smiling sadly.

It was a similar situation with Monsieur Cedras. He wants so desperately to be loved, to be thought o as a "Papa" (which in the voodoo faith is a term of endearment), and is instead thought of as a "houngan" (which is Creole for "malaise bringer"). So you can see the bind he's in. As I explained to the Secretaries of State, it's possible to hate the sin but love the sinner. And as I made clear to M. Cédras, the official United States policy is that while we may hate the rapes and murders and tortures and dismemberments carried out by a military junta we still love the rapists, murderers, etc. that make up the junta. We're very Christian that way.

As I was sitting at the Vice President's desk, composing my thoughts, I inadvertently gained access to his computer file labeled "PERSONAL" and came across his correspondence with you. And so I write to ask a favor: a) in your work in the rain forests of South America, have you ever come across any Nazi war criminals in hiding; and b) if so, would you please extend to them, from me, an invitation to teach my Sunday-school class? Of course, air fare and hotel will be picked up by the Carter Center, including a generous per diem. But please let me know as soon as possible, as a lot of Sundays are already spoken for.

Let Peace Prevail,

President Jimmy Carter

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THE 100 BEST CONSERVATIVE MOVIES

SPENCER WARREN

MOVIES are the leading art form of our popular culture, with a unique ability to move and enlighten a mass audience. As we near the end of the twentieth century, it is time to honor the great conservative movies of yesterday and today: movies about God and country, tradition and family, freedom and resistance to tyranny, individual achievement and the American Dream; movies that celebrate the creativity of business achievement, depict the evils of Communism and collectivism, and reveal the true nature of revolution.

Movies mirror society. Many of the great conservative films were produced during Hollywood's Golden Age of the Thirties and Forties, when the ideals of Western civilization were almost universally accepted. By the Seventies, alas, the counterculture was being reflected in the new Hollywood's nihilistic themes and chaotic styles. The trend began with *Midnight Cowboy* and *Easy Rider* in 1969, and reached its nadir in 1973 with Marlon Brando's pornographic sexual epic of alienation, *Last Tango in Paris*. Pauline Kael, voluble critic of *The New Yorker*, cried out with joy: "The movie breakthrough has finally come." (Indeed, and the social wreckage from such breakthroughs against traditional restraint is everywhere to be seen.) Today the film is as dated as any Shirley Temple movie, though without the charm.

The recovery began with *Star Wars* (1977) and its sequels, *The Empire Strikes Back* (1980) and *Return of the Jedi* (1983), whose simple truths about heroism and the triumph of good over evil (not to mention space defense) were harbingers of the Reagan Eighties. The Reagan years saw quite a number of conservative films—not to mention destruction of the real-life Evil Empire. Hence our honorees include many recent films as well as classics of the Thirties and Forties.

The envelopes, please.

Best Pictures Celebrating Religion and Faith: *A Man for All Seasons* (winner of the 1966 Oscar for Best Picture); *Chariots of Fire* (Best Picture of 1981); *Thérèse* (France, 1986), a dramatization of monastic life through the story of St. Thérèse de Lisieux, who joined the Carmelites when she was 15; and Cecil B. De Mille's *King of Kings* (1927), *The Ten Commandments* (1956), and *The Sign of the Cross* (1932). (For a persuasive case that De Mille should be ranked with the great historians of the ancient world, and that movies generally make very good history, see George MacDonald Fraser's revelatory

Mr. Warren is president of the Insider's Washington Experience, a public-policy seminar program.

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book *The Hollywood History of the World.*)

HONORABLE MENTION: *The Next Voice You Hear* (1950), Nancy Reagan's best role; *Going My Way* (Best Picture of 1944, directed by Leo McCarey); *One Foot in Heaven* (1941); and *The Song of Bernadette* (1943), about the miracle of Lourdes (Jennifer Jones won the Oscar for Best Actress, and there's a great score by Alfred Newman—*Parsifal* as if composed by Bruckner rather than Wagner).

Best Scenes Dramatizing Faith: In *Johnny Belinda* (1948), Jane Wyman (the first Mrs. Reagan) richly earned her Best Actress Oscar as a deaf-mute farm girl who blossoms from helpless waif into self-respecting young woman. Her father is murdered when he discovers the man who raped her, the father of her child, and in a deeply moving scene she recites the Lord's Prayer in sign language before his body.

In *Quo Vadis?* (1950), one of the most gorgeous color films ever made, St. Peter preaches the Gospel before a huge congregation of believers by candlelight beneath a Roman aqueduct.

Best Pictures Indicting the Spiritual Barrenness of Hedonistic Yuppieism: *Carnal Knowledge* (1971) and *Ten* (1979). No, Bo Derek is not the end of the rainbow.

Best Picture Indicting the Sixties Counterculture: *Forrest Gump* (1994). Innocence and the eternal verities triumph over the counterculture.

Best Picture Dramatizing Individual Conscience: *On the Waterfront* (Best Picture of 1954). Change the names and accents, and this outstanding film about the revolt of a "go along, get along" longshoreman against his corrupt union would be the story of Solidarity's struggle. Directed by Elia Kazan and written by Budd Schulberg, with a score by Leonard Bernstein, *On the Waterfront* dramatizes tyranny's moral corrosion and the individual spiritual renewal and redemption that bring its downfall. Notably, for our secular times, it is a priest (Karl Malden) who urges the men to throw off their chains and a Christian conscience that ignites Marlon ("I coulda been a contender") Brando's revolt.

HONORABLE MENTION: *High Noon* (1952); *A Man for All Seasons* (1966); and *The Angry Silence* (UK, 1960), in which one worker defies his union local's wildcat strike, for which he and his family endure ostracism and mob terror.

SPECIAL MENTION: *The Fountainhead* (1949, directed by King Vidor, screenplay by Ayn Rand from her novel). Rand's atheism and materialism are not on the conservative track, but the speech by Howard Roark (Gary Cooper) to the jury is an eloquent statement for the individual over the collective. One of the most dramatic scores by the granddaddy of film composers, Max Steiner.

Best Pictures about Personal Redemption: In *Tender Mercies* (1983), Robert Duvall (Oscar for Best Actor) rises from downcast drunk to husband and loving stepfather with the help of a devout young mother and her son. Two of the best scenes are the baptism of Duvall and the boy, and the last scene, where the wife contentedly looks out on Duvall and her son playing catch with a football, to the lyrics, "You are the best it could ever be / You are what love means to me."

In *Three Godfathers* (1948), John Wayne and his outlaw trio (the Three Wise Men) rescue a baby they find in the desert. Through their suffering they win redemption. Directed with powerful religious imagery by the immortal John Ford.

Best Picture about the Relation of Property to the Human Soul: *The Bicycle Thief* (Italy, 1949). A humble man searches for his bicycle and the part of his soul that was stolen with it.

Best Picture about Personal Achievement against Heavy Odds: *My Left Foot* (1989). The drama of an extraordinary Irishman, Christy Brown (Daniel Day-Lewis's Oscar-winning role), who, afflicted with cerebral palsy, has the use of only one limb, yet becomes a respected artist and author. The hero's talent and willpower are formidable, but another theme is the indispensable role of Christy's strong and united family.

Best Pictures about Inner-City Youth Overcoming Heavy Odds: *Stand and Deliver* (1988) and *Lean on Me* (1989). The first is the amazing story of Jaime Escalante, the Los Angeles teacher who inspired his students to climb the heights of mathematics. The second is a romanticized account of the battle by Joe Clark (Morgan Freeman) against drug pushers, hoodlums, and politicians to clean up Eastside High in Patterson, New Jersey. For success in life, he tells his kids, "the responsibility is yours." And in a line that echoes Steve Dangos, the all-American immigrant hero of *An American Romance* (see below), he declares, "You are here to work for what you want."

Best Pictures Celebrating Family Life: Today, when the traditional family has come under fierce assault,

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Jimmy Stewart and Donna Reed in a scene from It's a Wonderful Life — *available on video directly from* National Review *for only $14.95*

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14. *Stand and Deliver* ($14.95)
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59. *A Tree Grows in Brooklyn* ($14.98)
60. *The Yearling* ($19.98)
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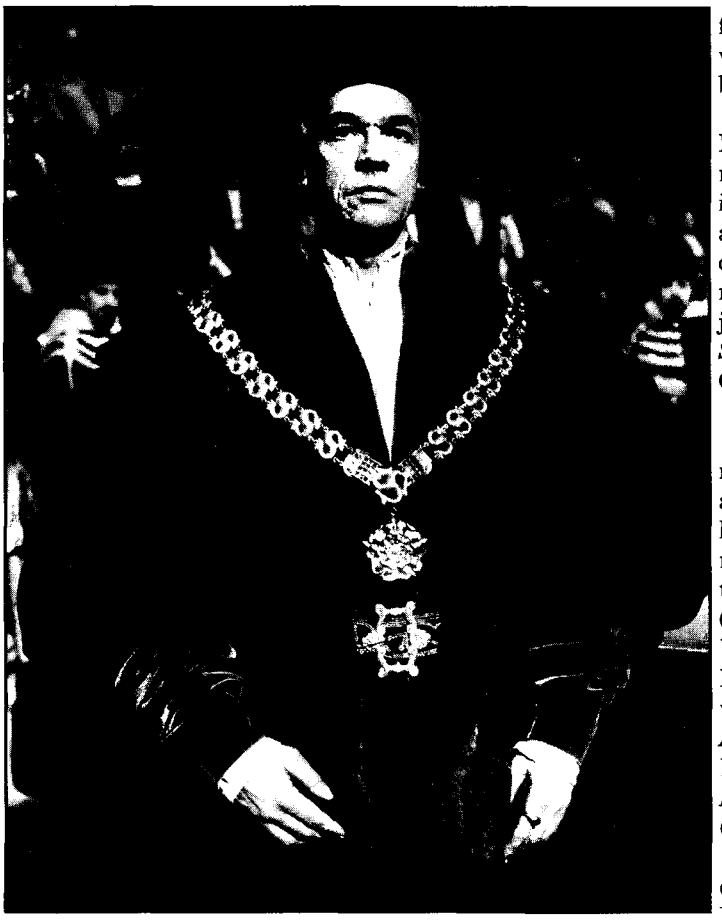
these films have a special poignance with their un-self-conscious embrace of bedrock values. In *Meet Me in St. Louis* (1944, directed by Vincente Minnelli), Judy Garland comforts little Margaret O'Brien, distraught at the prospect of moving away from her beloved home, with "Have Yourself a Merry Little Christmas."

Little Women (1933, with Katharine Hepburn as Jo March, directed by George Cukor). Don't patronize it; this film glows with feeling. "A beautiful movie, the kind they don't and couldn't make any more," wrote one critic.

HONORABLE MENTION: *A Tree Grows in Brooklyn* (1945); *I Remember Mama* (1948, directed by George Stevens); *Cheaper by the Dozen* (1950); *Father of the Bride* (1950) and *Father's Little Dividend* (1951), both directed by Minnelli; *Sounder* (1972), in which a black sharecropper family faces the Depression; and *Baby Boom* (1987), in which yuppie Diane Keaton finds true happiness the old-fashioned way.



Best Scene Celebrating Family Life: David O. Selznick's *Since You Went Away* (1944). The opening credits, accompanied by Max Steiner's Oscar-winning score, unfold against a background of a burning hearth; they close with the legend, "This is a story of the Unconquerable Fortress: the American Home . . . 1943." The camera then focuses on the only one at home in the Hilton household, the bulldog. The camera lovingly tracks past the family album, a pair of bronzed baby shoes, and other mementoes. We follow the dog to the front window, through which we see Claudette Colbert and her daughters, Jennifer Jones and Shirley Temple, trudging up the walk in the rain. They are just returning from the train station, where they saw their husband and father off to war.

Best Baby Scene: Family friend teaches mother (Irene Dunne, leading Hollywood Republican) and father (Cary Grant, in one of his best performances) how to bathe their just-adopted infant in *Penny Serenade* (1941, directed by George Stevens).

Best Pictures Commemorating Tradition and Community: This too has been a rich theme in movie history, above all in the films of John Ford (1894–1973): see *How Green Was My Valley* (1941, Best Picture); the cavalry trilogy with John Wayne, *Fort Apache* (1947), *She Wore a Yellow Ribbon* (1948), and *Rio Grande* (1950); and *The Quiet Man* (1952).

The British team of Michael Powell and Emeric Pressburger made three especially moving wartime films: *The Life and Death of Colonel Blimp* (1943), the peak of British romanticism; *A Canterbury Tale* (1944), with a mighty climax as wartime pilgrims enter the bomb-ravaged town for a service at the ancient cathedral; and *I Know Where I'm Going* (1945).

HONORABLE MENTION: *Goodbye, Mr. Chips* (1939) and two Will Rogers films celebrating rural America, *Judge*

20 Great Liberal Movies

OF COURSE, we have to admit that not all the good movies are, even implicitly, conservative. Here are 20 classic liberal movies:

All Quiet on the Western Front (1930; Best Picture). Still the most haunting anti-war film.

Back Street (1932). The exploited woman (Irene Dunne) forced to live in the shadows of her married lover's life.

I Am a Fugitive from a Chain Gang (1932).

Black Legion (1936). Early Bogart; he joins the Klan after losing a promotion to a Polish-American.

The Life of Emile Zola (1937; Best Picture). The Dreyfus case.

Wilson (1944). How Woodrow tried to save the world.

The Best Years of Our Lives (1946; Best Picture). *The* postwar movie.

Crossfire (1947). Best film on anti-Semitism.

Paths of Glory (1957).

Twelve Angry Men (1957). A jury confronts prejudice.

I Want to Live (1958). Oscar for Susan Hayward. Eloquent plea against capital punishment.

The Defiant Ones (1958). White and black prison escapees, handcuffed together.

Inherit the Wind (1960). The Scopes trial.

Dr. Strangelove (1964).

Seven Days in May (1964).

In the Heat of the Night (1967). Oscars for Best Picture and Best Actor (Rod Steiger).

The Graduate (1967).

The China Syndrome (1979).

Dances with Wolves (1990; Best Picture).

Philadelphia (1993).

—SPENCER WARREN

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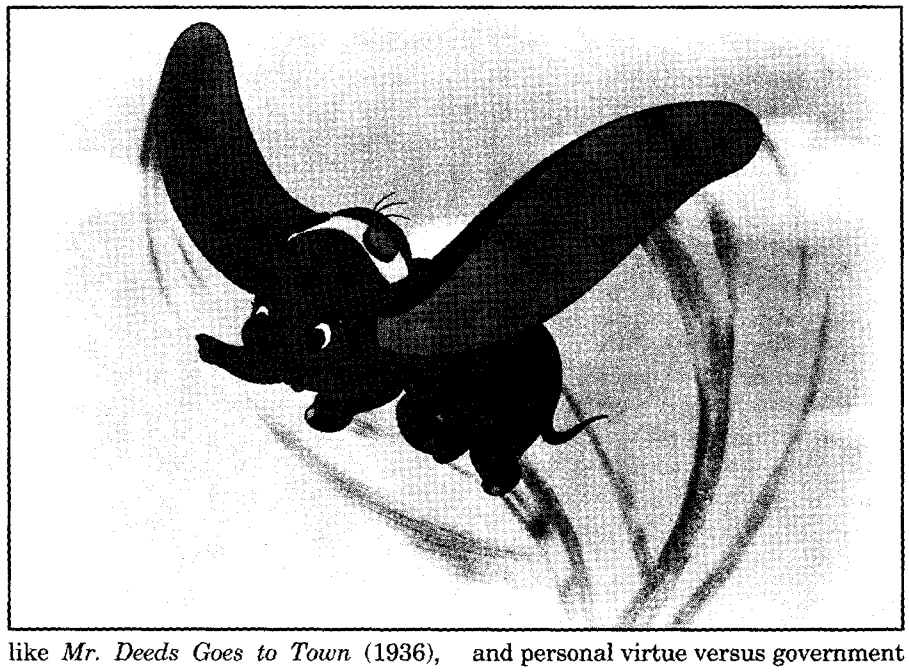
Priest (1934, directed by Ford) and *State Fair* (1933). In the latter, the Rogers family is driving home after an exciting week at the county fair. Daughter Janet Gaynor is sitting in the back of the pickup truck, dreaming of the man she met at the fair. "It's such a long time for a year to pass till the next fair," she sighs, to which Rogers replies, "When you're old enough to pay taxes, you won't think a year takes too long to pass."

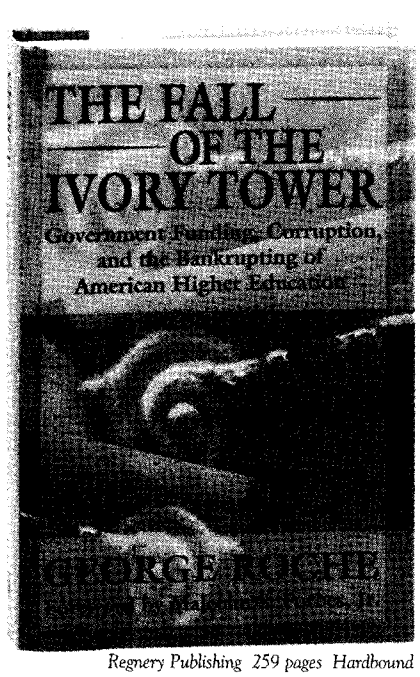
Best Conservative Animal Pictures: *Dumbo* (1941) and *The Yearling* (1946). *Dumbo* is the Walt Disney classic in which the tiny elephant surmounts daunting obstacles and, in the most terrifying scene for many a child viewer, dives through the burning hoop and flies at last.

The Yearling, directed by Clarence Brown, is the beautifully rendered story of a backwoods boy's coming of age, guided by his devout father.

Special Lifetime Achievement: The theme of individual liberty and social justice lies at the heart of the work of one of the great directors, Frank Capra (1897–1991). In populist movies like *Mr. Deeds Goes to Town* (1936), *You Can't Take It with You* (Best Picture of 1938), *Mr. Smith Goes to Washington* (1939), *Meet John Doe* (1941), and his masterpiece, *It's a Wonderful Life* (1946), Capra treats issues such as the primacy of society and human relations over politics and government; individual imagination versus mass conformity; private charity and personal virtue versus government dependency; individual entrepreneurship and humane capitalism over the corporate greed of financiers and lawyers; and small-town community versus big-city alienation.



Capra's ideal community is Bedford Falls in *Wonderful Life*. Housing needs are met by pooling modest private resources in the Bailey Savings and



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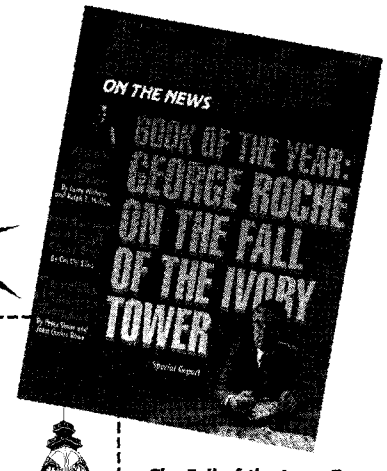

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Loan. In a touching scene, an Italian immigrant family (Capra himself came here from Sicily at the age of four) moves into its new house with the help of friends and James Stewart and Donna Reed, who consecrates the home with bread and wine.

In *Mr. Deeds*, Gary Cooper, greeting-card poet and best tuba player in Mandrake Falls, Vermont, gives away his inherited $20 million to purchase ten-acre farms for the unemployed, who will gain ownership provided they work their farms for a specified number of years. He triumphs in the end over an avaricious Wall Street lawyer (played by Douglas Dumbrille, a Lawrence Walsh look-alike!), who tries to have him declared insane.

Capra recognized that some people, as Mr. Deeds says, need help "getting up the hill," but he believes personal virtue produces social compassion, while government produces dependency. In *Meet John Doe*, local community clubs assist the destitute directly, prompting the head of New Deal relief to complain in the film that no one will be left on relief.

In *Mr. Smith*, the idealistic senator, played by James Stewart, introduces a bill to promote a "Boy Ranger" camp for needy kids, who are to pay back the cost with their earnings of "nickles, dimes, and quarters."

Capra had a jaundiced view of politics and government. His critical depiction of the U.S. Senate ganging up against Stewart to protect one of its own does not seem so far off the mark as it may have in 1939, when an enraged Washington establishment ran Capra out of town following the film's premiere in Constitution Hall. (Many in the gala audience walked out during the film.)

Capra's films are not only about economics and politics, though. At the climax of *Wonderful Life*, a distraught James Stewart asks God to "show me the way." And He does, in the form of Clarence the Angel. (Capra always uses humor to convey his serious themes.) In the film's finale, which rises in a crescendo like a Bach chorale, the community unites in love and mutual support.

From Frank Capra, whose life exemplified the American Dream, let us turn to:

Best Picture Celebrating the American Dream: *An American Romance* (1944). This unsung film follows its immigrant hero, Steve Dangos, from processing at Ellis Island to his rise from miner to foreman to entrepreneur, and from bachelor to husband and proud father of the high-school valedictorian. Among the film's many moving scenes are Steve's trek on foot across the industrial heartland and the vast farm belt to join his cousin working in the iron mines of Minnesota. "I want to work," he proclaims.

Director King Vidor paints some charming vignettes of Americana: a nineteenth-century Fourth of July picnic, Steve's first, where he attends his first baseball game and hears the local orator hail "America, the land of unbounded opportunity," where anyone's son might someday be President. Steve quietly asks, in his halting English, "He say my son can be President of United States. Is that true?" Another lovely scene is his eldest son's high-school graduation and valedictorian address on the school's front steps. When Steve offers his graduation gift, his son answers that the best gift would be for Dad to become an American citizen—which he does, proudly reciting at the ceremony, with his heart in every word, the Pledge of Allegiance. In striking contrast to today's multiculturalist heresy, this film exemplifies the assimilationist truth of American society.

The true star of the movie is Steel, a metaphor for the determination, endurance, and belief that have made America. Laboring as a digger in the Mesabi pit, Steve is driven by a curiosity and ambition his cousin lacks. He has "iron in him" and proclaims he'll "make steel." In a magnificent montage, Steve, penniless, runs off his job and accompanies the iron ore by rail to Duluth, then via freighter to a great industrial city, where he sneaks into a mill to get work. The iron has been torn from the earth, we are told, "all to add strength to a mighty nation, growing mightier." In *An American Romance*, capitalism spells not greed but opportunity and achievement.

Steve continues his rise and eventually founds his own automobile company, using his knowledge of steel to produce a safer, full-frame car. At the film's end, he is called out of retirement to mass-produce bombers. In the final shot he looks skyward at a phalanx of the mighty machines filling the screen, flying off to the far corners of the Earth to make men free. Directed (in Technicolor) with unaffected simplicity, Vidor's film stands as a monument to the faith of earlier generations and powerfully reminds us how some people in our society (including a lot in Hollywood) have turned their backs on the American Idea.

Best Picture Commemorating the Settling of America: *My Darling Clementine* (1946), John Ford's classic account of Wyatt Earp (Henry Fonda) and Doc Holliday (Victor Mature), and their confrontation early one morning with the Clanton clan at Tombstone's OK Corral. Ford's evocation of the church dance, accompanied by "Shall We Gather at the River?," is a beautiful metaphor of civilization settling the wilderness. His panoramic shots sug-

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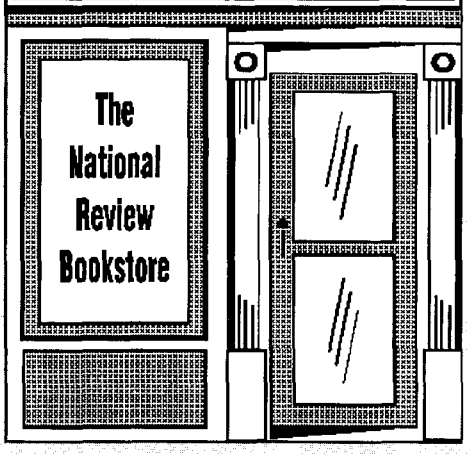

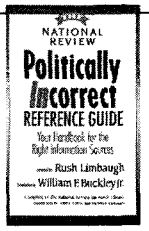

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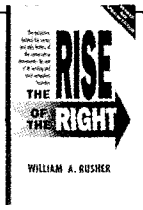

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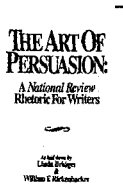

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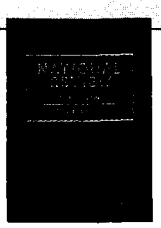

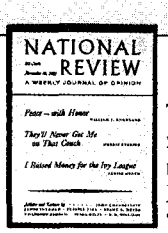

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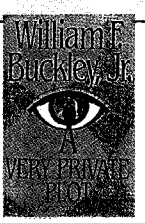

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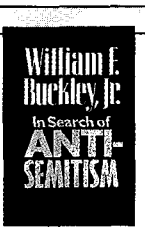

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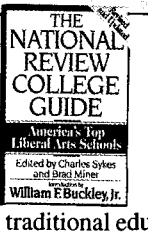
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gest a virgin land beckoning America's advance westward.

HONORABLE MENTION: *Shane* (1953, directed by George Stevens), in which the mysterious gunslinger, Alan Ladd, defends the young homesteading family against the cattlemen (and their hired hand, the inimitable Jack *City Slickers* Palance); and *Drums along the Mohawk* (1939), another John Ford picture, with Henry Fonda and Claudette Colbert safeguarding their frontier settlement during the Revolutionary War.

Best Scene of the American Idea: In *Since You Went Away* (see above), Claudette Colbert has gone to work in a shipyard plant as a welder. She writes to her husband at the front about a woman she has met, "who has a name we never would have heard at the club." We then see Colbert in the plant cafeteria with the woman, a refugee from the Nazis, who recounts her trip to the Statue of Liberty and fervently recites the Emma Lazarus inscription. "You are what I thought America was," she says, "when I prayed with my little son that God would let us go to the fairyland across the sea." (This was unfortunately an example of Hollywood romanticism; in fact, resistance from the State Department and from Congress, and President Roosevelt's failure to take stronger action, sharply limited immigration into the U.S. before and during the war.)

HONORABLE MENTION: Charles Laughton as a British butler in the Old West, reciting the Gettysburg Address in a saloon to a crowd of astonished customers in *Ruggles of Red Gap* (1935), directed by Leo McCarey.

Best Picture about Defending America: *Sergeant York* (1941, directed by Howard Hawks). Gary Cooper won his first Oscar in this stirring saga of the Tennessee backwoodsman awarded the Congressional Medal of Honor for single-handedly killing 25 Germans and capturing 132 during the Meuse–Argonne offensive in 1918.

This is also a movie about personal redemption. Cooper is a brawling, hard-drinking no-account until one stormy night, on his way to do murder, he is felled by lightning and wanders into lay preacher Walter Brennan's Bible meeting, where he finds faith, joining in the congregation's ecstatic singing of "Give Me That Old Time Religion." Drafted in 1917, he is denied conscientious-objector status. Thanks to his experience hunting game, he is the best shot in his regiment, but he doesn't want to kill, and his commanding officer grants him leave to go home and think things over.

In a great scene, Cooper rests on his favorite mountaintop back home, his dog beside him, as voice-overs recite competing Bible verses and the words of his commander's American history text. "I'll go," he tells his commander, and the rest is history. At the end, returning to a New York ticker-tape parade, all Alvin York wants is a piece of bottom land where he can settle down with his girl and raise a family. And that's what he gets.

Best Fourth of July Movie: *Yankee Doodle Dandy* (1942, directed by Michael Curtiz). James Cagney as George M. Cohan sings and dances "You're a Grand Old Flag," "Over There," and other favorites amid more Stars and Stripes than ever filled the silver screen before or since.

Pictures to Make the Patriotic Blood Boil: *The Hanoi Hilton* (1987), in which U.S. POWs endure North Vietnamese savagery; *Heartbreak Ridge* (1986), in which Clint Eastwood liberates Grenada; *Rambo: First Blood Part II* (1985); *The Deer Hunter* (1979), with Robert De Niro playing Russian roulette; *Red Dawn* (1984); *Thirty Seconds over Tokyo* (1944); and *Wake Island* (1942).

Winston Churchill's Favorite Movie: Churchill loved *That Hamilton Woman* (1941), which he reportedly saw 11 times. Starring the ultimate romantic couple, Laurence Olivier and Vivien Leigh, this is a stirring dramatization of the life of Admiral Nelson and his mistress. Since the U.S. was still officially neutral, isolationists in Congress were enraged by the Hollywood-made, British-produced film's clear parallel between Napoleon and Hitler. "You cannot compromise with dictators," Nelson urges the cabinet. "You must wipe them out." The climactic Battle of Trafalgar, very well done, brought Churchill to tears. Inspiring score by Miklos Rosza.

Ronald Reagan's Greatest Movies: *King's Row* (1942), "Where's the rest of me?"; and *Knute Rockne—All American* (1940), "Win one for the Gipper."

Best Pictures Depicting the Evils of Communism: *Repentance* (1987), a Russian film about Mayor Varlam (sporting Stalin boots, Hitler mustache, and Mussolini blackshirt) and the human carnage he wreaks as "friend of the people." A rich allegory of Stalinism.

The Inner Circle (1992), a close-up view of Stalin and his henchmen from the viewpoint of his private projectionist. Both films detail the evils of Communism on the personal as well as the national level.

HONORABLE MENTION: *To Kill a Priest* (1989), a dramatization of the Communists' murder of Solidarity's Father Jerzy Popieluszko; *White Nights* (1985); *Man of Marble* (Poland, 1976, directed by Andrzej Wajda); *One Day in the Life of Ivan Denisovich* (1971, starring Tom Courtenay); and *Animal*

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Farm (1954). Also *Eleni* (1985), Red brutality in the Greek Civil War; *Doctor Zhivago* (1965); *1984* (1955 and inferior 1984 remake); and *Man on a Tightrope* (1953), circus troupe flees Iron Curtain. Especially noteworthy are the two versions of *Invasion of the Body Snatchers*. The first (1956) is a science-fiction allegory of Communist tyranny; the remake (1979) changes the emphasis to the dangers of mass conformity and tyranny posed by "beneficent" government.

Best Picture Predicting the Collapse of Communism: *Ninotchka* (1939, directed by Ernst Lubitsch). Greta Garbo, dour agent sent to Paris to check up on emissaries who have succumbed to the charms of Paris, learns that she too would rather laugh and love in the West than suffer and endure in the East. Human nature triumphs over Communism. The film further foretells the rampant corruption that accompanied Communism: the three comrades quickly rationalize taking the Royal Suite in their Paris hotel on the ground that "we must uphold the prestige of the Bolsheviks."

Best Portrait of a Communist Bureaucrat: George Tobias, as the Soviet visa official in Paris, in *Ninotchka*. (To Garbo's lover: "If you ever want to get into Russia, take my advice . . . confess!")

Best Portrait of a U.S. Government Bureaucrat: William Atherton, as the EPA official in *Ghostbusters* (1984), whose mindless enforcement of the "rules" allows the fearsome phantoms to escape, wreaking havoc on New York.

Best Pictures Depicting the Inhumanity of Mass Revolution: *Marie Antoinette* (1938)—no *gâteau* here: note the chilling scene in prison in which her son is seized from her arms; *A Tale of Two Cities* (1935), with Blanche Yurka as Madame Defarge, an early study in blood-lusting, radical fanaticism; *Viva Villa!* (1934), about the degeneration of Pancho Villa and the Mexican Revolution; and *Knight without Armor* (1937).

Best Pictures on the Limits of Good Intentions: *There Was a Crooked Man* (1971), in which a liberal prison warden (Henry Fonda) learns some truths from Western desperado Kirk Douglas and puts his learning to good use. Cynically directed (as always) by Joseph L. Mankiewicz.

In *Heavens Above* (1963), based on a story by Malcolm Muggeridge, Peter Sellers learns some truths about human nature as he turns his parish ministry into a soup kitchen.

Forbidden Planet (1956) depicts the dangers of rationalist utopias.

Best Movie Critiques of Journalism: *Ace in the Hole* (1951), a/k/a *The Big Carnival*, directed by Billy Wilder. Top reporter Kirk Douglas prolongs agony of a mine cave-in victim to juice up his story.

HONORABLE MENTION: *Absence of Malice* (1981), in which Paul Newman experiences the consequences of press absolutism; and *Too Hot to Handle* (1938), crackerjack comedy-adventure and prototypical Clark Gable film, in which he stages newsreels in war-torn China. □

No doubt NATIONAL REVIEW*'s readers will have their own favorites. Please send us your choices.*

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What Makes Right?

FORREST McDONALD

THE semi-hysterical reaction of liberal establishmentarians to the recent political success of the Religious Right no doubt stems from fear that more successes are to come. But it also arises from a deeply held understanding, or rather misunderstanding, of Christianity and its history. In their view, Christianity is and always has been inimical to freedom; to them, the centuries prior to the Renaissance were truly Dark Ages, wherein the people were crushed beneath the burdens of superstition, a priestly caste, and absolute monarchs. The Renaissance was a breakthrough that culminated in the Enlightenment, which led to the American Founding and the subsequent triumph of democracy elsewhere.

Not a word of this Revised Standard Version will bear close scrutiny, as M. Stanton Evans shows in a remarkable work that combines erudition with clear thinking. Consider, for instance, the compact theory of the origins of legitimate government, the idea that governments derive their just powers from the consent of the governed—the underlying premise of the Declaration of Independence. The RSV places the origin of that doctrine in the brain and pen of John Locke. It was in fact, as Mr. Evans points out, a medieval commonplace, coined by Christian Scholastics with the hearty approval of the Church. Similarly, the belief that the power of rulers is limited by natural law, the conviction that individual property rights (including the right to buy and sell freely) are sacrosanct, the proposition that property cannot be taken without the consent of the owner or of his representative, the very idea of representation—all these and the other concepts that made possible the emergence of individual freedom are to be found in the Bible and in medieval Christianity.

The Theme Is Freedom: Religion, Politics, and the American Tradition, by M. Stanton Evans (Regnery, 352 pp., $24)

The Southern Tradition: The Achievement and Limitations of an American Conservatism, by Eugene D. Genovese (Harvard, 130 pp., $22.50)

From the careful historical survey on which these observations are based, Mr. Evans draws two main conclusions. One is that not only can faith and freedom go together, but "they have to do so." That is, "religious belief and its associated values are conceptually indispensable to a regime of freedom," and as a matter of historical fact American institutions of free government "were developed on the basis of religious precept." As a subpoint, Mr. Evans remarks that there is no conflict between traditionalism and freedom, for the American tradition *is* one of freedom: that is what conservatives should seek to conserve. His second conclusion is far more general. Standing Marx and Engels on their heads, Mr. Evans declares: "*Always and everywhere, the governing system that is adopted will reflect the underlying religious presuppositions of the culture*, and as these vary so will the prospects for statecraft, science, economics, and a great deal else."

Alan Nahigian

The Renaissance, far from being a step toward freedom, was followed everywhere it took hold by the rise of absolute monarchy. That was no coincidence, for the ancient models that were being rediscovered "knew nothing of our ideas of limited government and personal liberty, and given their peculiar conception of the world could not have done so." Pagan societies were beset by a host of capricious deities; the need to propitiate them vested absolute power in the priesthood, whether that body was controlled by a king or the *demos*.

As for the Enlightenment, the deification of reason that marked the French version led to the tragedy of the French Revolution, and its Rousseauvean legacy has haunted the twentieth century. Present-day adherents, whom Mr. Evans characterizes as neopagans, confirm the maxim that if one does not believe in God, one will believe in anything. Some espouse pernicious causes that are also obviously silly: those who maintain that any "lifestyle" is as good as any other, or those who insist that animals, trees, and rocks should have rights equal or superior to those of humans. And there is Julian Huxley, who admitted that the odds against human life's coming into existence through a sequence of mutations "are given by a number . . . greater than that of all the electrons and protons in the visible universe" but, instead of concluding that there must therefore be a God, preached the "immense power of natural selection." Others, however, such as Lenin and Hitler, devised isms that took on all the qualities of a religion and led to unspeakable horrors.

MR. EVANS'S argument—which seeks, in its way, to define American conservatism—is convincing in all respects but one. Namely, it cannot fully accommodate the peculiar species of conservatism that is the subject of Eugene Genovese's brilliant new book:

Mr. McDonald, a professor of history at the University of Alabama, is the author most recently of The American Presidency: An Intellectual History (*University Press of Kansas*).

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Southern agrarianism. The Southern agrarians, as Mr. Genovese describes them sympathetically but objectively—and he covers the whole range from John Taylor of Caroline to John C. Calhoun to the Vanderbilt Agrarians to Richard Weaver to M. E. Bradford—fail to fit Mr. Evans's mold in certain vital particulars.

Perhaps most importantly, free-market capitalism is central to Mr. Evans's scheme of things, and the Southerners wanted no part of it. To be sure, they believed strongly in private property, but they insisted that a great concentration of it, the very thing that makes capitalism so productive, was destructive of the sense of family, community, and place. Antebellum Southerners, led by John Taylor, waxed almost frantic in their denunciation of finance capital, insisting that "mere paper" property in the form of money and bank notes was outright theft from honest laborers in the earth. Other Southerners, then and later, insisted with equal shrillness that the rise of great factories was dehumanizing. Mr. Genovese remarks as an aside that they never "examined carefully the extent to which business corporations have actually contributed to the stability of communities and to sustained employment for families and households," though he also comments that capitalism has been a powerful "solvent of traditional social relations." Both propositions are true, but Southerners would agree only to the negative part. Indeed, during the 1930s several of the Vanderbilt Agrarians departed from their traditional championing of states' rights and advocated a massive federal program to redistribute property, thus restoring decentralized ownership.

Again, the Southerners differed from other Americans in their special historical relationship with blacks. True to Mr. Evans's formulation, antebellum Northerners—including such devout conservatives as Justice Joseph Story as well as such radicals as William Lloyd Garrison—found justification for their anti-slavery positions in the Bible. But it is equally true that Southerners found justification for their pro-slavery position in the Bible; and Mr. Genovese, who has made the most thorough study of the debate, concludes that the Southerners had the better of the argument. He also points out that they suffered the misfortune

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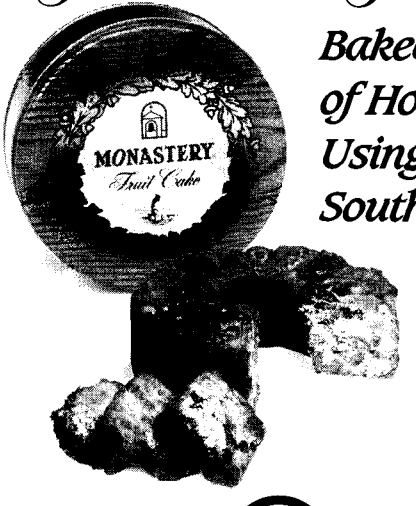

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of wasting their best Biblical and constitutional ammunition in lost causes: slavery and segregation.

Out of these experiences—and because the Civil War and its aftermath destroyed the social base of Southerners' aristocratic pretensions—champions of traditional Southern values were cut off from their past even as they were trapped in it. In response, they went populist, glorifying the man of the soil, and they also embraced poetry and myth-making based on a "social-bond individualism," as M. E. Bradford put it, according to which "man is a social being, fulfilled only in the natural associations built upon common experience, upon the ties of blood and friendship, common enterprise, resistance to common enemies, and a common faith."

Despite the differences between Southern and mainstream conservatives, which they portray, these two books are complementary. Each is learned, deep, cogent, and provocative, guaranteed to churn the brain; and in them conservatives of all persuasions will find nourishment and the strength to fend off the neopagans. □

Aliens 3

PETER BRIMELOW

THIS TIME around, the immigration issue has just snuck up and mugged the American nation, as opposed to the protracted debate before the last immigration cut-off in the 1920s. Partly this is because of deeply deceptive advertising for the 1965 Immigration Act, which ended the forty-year immigration lull and began effective discrimination in favor of Third World immigrants. Mostly it is because establishment conservatives and liberals are uniquely allied in their complacency and complaisance.

For example, Chinese immigrants no doubt deserve the "model minority" title pressed on them by the media and vote-hungry Republican politicians, at least in contrast to other recent arrivals. Nevertheless, they have also brought with them massive organized crime, rooted in history and fertilized by heroin. Chinese crime, like Chinese cuisine, varies according to regional origin. So Americans can now savor Cantonese (vice and extortion), Taiwanese (fraud, money laundering), and Fukienese (violence).

Which is a benefit of multicultural diversity that you will not read about in the *New York Times*—or on the *Wall Street Journal* editorial page for that matter. Demand creates supply, however, and you can now read about this and many other delights in Wayne Lutton and John Tanton's *The Immigration Invasion*, a treasure trove of facts on the most critical but worst-covered issue in American politics.

The Immigration Invasion symbolizes a lot about the present state of the immigration debate. Americans at the grassroots are organizing in opposition to immigration, around and increasingly across traditional political battle lines. A remarkable 200,000 copies of this book are reportedly already in circulation, thanks to various anti-immigration groups. It is frankly a handbook, almost a work in progress in its frantic pack-rat compilation of press clippings, the assimilation and accuracy of which lrft me sometimes uneasy. ("Between April 1, 1985, and December 31, 1992, the number of foreign-born inmates in New York [jails] rose 194 per cent." Hmmm. Original base? Proportion of total? State, city, or federal jails?)

But in the kingdom of the blind, or deliberately unseeing, the one-eyed pack rat is king—or at any rate can keep his snout pointed in the right direction.

John Tanton himself exemplifies both the ferment and the fluidity Out There, beyond the Beltway. He is simultaneously a practicing eye surgeon and a formidable political entrepreneur who helped organize both the Federation for Immigration Reform and U.S. English (and more recently English Language Advocates, its harder-line rival). In this capacity, he is editor and publisher of *The Social Contract*, the definitely unfrantic scholarly quarterly magazine that sponsored the book. (Copies of the latter are available from the former. Call 616-347-1171.)

Dr. Tanton came out of the environmental movement—there's a lot of environment around his home in Petoskey, up at the northern end of Michigan's Lower Peninsula. He had links with Planned Parenthood and with the campaign to legalize abortion in Michigan (before the Supreme Court deprived Americans of the right to decide the question, a development of which he creditably disapproves). Yet he reports that in the 1992 presidential primary he voted for Patrick J. Buchanan. The single issue that overcame all others: Mr. Buchanan's criticism of immigration.

Dr. Tanton's choice may seem astounding viewed from the perspective of Washington's ritualized Left–Right trench warfare. But in fact it was intensely rational. Population growth puts far and away the greatest pressure on the environment, particularly from the perspective of those, like Dr. Tanton, who value wilderness for its own sake, as an amenity, rather than wailing on about imminent economic or ecological collapse.

AND in the U.S., population growth is increasingly driven by immigrants and their descendants. In *How Many Americans?* Leon F. Bouvier and Lindsey Grant project that the U.S. population will rise to 396 million by 2050 and 492 million by 2100—that is, *nearly double* today's total of 250 million. But if immigration is stopped—even as late as the year 2000, by which time another 10 to 15 million immigrants will have arrived—Americans seem likely to stabilize their numbers voluntarily in the 300-million range.

Population growth has its blind

The Immigration Invasion, by Wayne Lutton and John Tanton (Social Contract Press, 190 pp., $4.95)

How Many Americans? Population, Immigration, and the Environment, by Leon F. Bouvier and Lindsey Grant (Sierra Club Books, 184 pp., $18)

Who We Are: A Portrait of America Based on the Latest U.S. Census, by Sam Roberts (Times Books, 306 pp., $18)

Mr. Brimelow's book Alien Nation: Common Sense about America's Immigration Disaster *will be published by Random House in February.*

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boosters, on whom it has not yet dawned that quality is infinitely more important that quantity. Logically, however, environmentalists cannot be among them. The fact that the highly professional environmental lobby in Washington has been so silent as immigration has soared is a measure of the extent to which it has been seduced by its liberal allies.

Which means that *How Many Americans?*, like Lutton and Tanton's book, has a significance beyond its content. The publication by the Sierra Club of this explicit account of the inexorable relationship between immigration, population growth, and environmental stress certainly suggests that the other hiking boot is about to drop, and that this most powerful of liberal lobbies is about to act on the immigration issue. At last.

Many NATIONAL REVIEW readers will find *How Many Americans?* annoying. The blurb describes it as an "unflinching, progressive voice," and it is. Despite the title, its demographic section, while strong, is quite short—a surprise because Leon Bouvier has written several excellent detailed pamphlets on the impact of immigration on the population of key states. Much of the book does indeed wail on about imminent economic and ecological collapse, complete with admiring quotations from Vice President Al Gore. (Anyone asked *him* about immigration?) And this wailing betrays the fatal tendency of non-economists: to view resources as absolutes and ignore the market's ingenuity in rationing by price and finding substitutes.

Yet no environmentalist hoping to influence non-progressives can afford to ignore this economic point. Especially after the famous victory that Julian Simon, the celebrated economist and immigration enthusiast, scored over Paul Ehrlich, the equally celebrated scientist and ecological doomster, by winning a bet that the prices of allegedly scarce commodities would fall over the next decade.

Assuming, that is, that environmentalists want to influence non-progressives.

However, getting annoyed at the language in which Bouvier and Grant's message is couched is not the same as establishing that it has no content at all. There are indeed cases of societies that have suffered disastrous die-offs because population growth outstripped their technical and institutional capacities—notably Ireland during the potato famine. There are indeed cases of societies that have destroyed themselves by triggering ecological catastrophe—notably the Mayans, who exhausted their jungle soil. We may have faith that human inventiveness will prevail in the long run. But what about the short run? And wouldn't it be (secretly) reassuring if, as John Tanton likes to ask mordantly, the theorists of innovation had ever actually invented anything themselves?

In this sense, listening to the wails of Mr. Bouvier and Mr. Grant may be a sort of spiritual and intellectual discipline. Thus it may be untrue that some super AIDS virus is even now incubating in the vast human Petri dishes that the Third World's sprawling cities constitute, and will be brought here by immigration. But it is not a logical impossibility.

NO SIMILAR edification can be derived from *Who We Are: A Portrait of America Based on the Latest U.S. Census,* by Sam Roberts, an urban-affairs reporter at the *New York Times*. About as dull and conventional as you would expect, this is a more or less digestible mass of Census data washed down with drafts of pious hogwash. My favorite: Mr. Roberts's throw-away line that housework ("or homemaking, as it is now known") is "as demanding a job as any outside the home." Of course, trying to corral a recalcitrant two-year-old at bedtime is certainly harrowing. But it is absurd to claim that housework is as difficult and dangerous as fighting a fire or walking a beat, unless things are ordered very differently in the Roberts household. If the *New York Times* intends to reverse a generation of brainwashing women to despise their traditional roles, that would be nice. But it will probably just claim that housewives ("homemakers") are an oppressed minority deserving a federal program to protect their rights.

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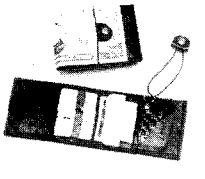

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pletely wrong, given the rich data provided by the Census. For example, by reading carefully you can pick up enough signs of social pathology among Hispanics to refute the hopeful neoconservative contention that their "family values" are worth importing. Thus, while the word "illegitimacy" is now apparently banned, nearly 30 per cent of Hispanic households are headed by a single parent, compared to less than 19 per cent among whites. (The black rate tops 58 per cent.)

But the book does go wrong, of course, because it never thinks to question what a "Hispanic" is anyway. This Census category was created by political pressure and reflects neither race, nor culture, nor even language, since many Hispanics can't speak Spanish. Yet this strange anti-nation seems fated, if immigration continues, to be by early next decade the largest minority in the United States.

A careful reader of *Who We Are* can also trace the national demographic tipping resulting from immigration. Here Mr. Roberts's reproduction of the conventional wisdom is useful, if unsettling: "The sheer volume of newcomers," he says, "may demand that *if assimilation remains a goal* [emphasis added] it will require more give and less take by the nation's non-immigrants than has been customary."

Like the entire political class, and unlike the other authors under review, he seems serenely unaware that this is entirely the result of public policy—and undebated policy at that. □

Dangerous Labor

GUY HAWTIN

Strike: The Daily News War and the Future of American Labor, by Richard Vigilante (Simon & Schuster, 319 pp., $23)

ONLY a New Yorker would be so presumptuous as to analyze a strike at a Big Apple tabloid with a view to obtaining insights into the future of American organized labor. New York is by no means a typical American city; its newspaper publishers are by no means typical American employers; and its newspaper craft unions are by no means typical American trade unions.

Irritating though it is for a non–New Yorker to admit, Richard Vigilante—formerly a columnist for *New York Newsday* and a resident of Queens, recently made executive editor of Regnery Publishing in Washington—has pulled it off with his absorbing and perceptive analysis of the strike that shut down the *New York Daily News* from October 24, 1990, to March 20, 1991. His account of this quintessentially New York labor dispute not only catalogues the profound changes in skills and work habits that microchips and robotics are demanding of industrial workers throughout the nation, but it also defines the challenge that rapidly evolving technology presents to American organized labor.

His description of the totally automated, computer-controlled workplace of the "post-industrial renaissance" is a vision of machinery almost as intelligent as the men who operate it; machines that hum rather than clatter; machines so infinitely flexible they must be perpetually watched, listened to, and psychoanalyzed because the capacity to improve their performance is virtually limitless.

"Post-industrial" technology values mental agility far above manual dexterity and, thus, requires flexible work practices quite alien to those ponderously negotiated with union representatives at the traditional bargaining table. Clearly, this is an unappealing prospect for industrial labor unions geared primarily to negotiating contracts that effectively determine wages by means of work rules regulating the quantity and quality of output.

As Mr. Vigilante puts it: "The new technology requires . . . workers . . . to accept a completely new way of thinking not only about their jobs, but also about the institutions and managers they work for and their unions, if any. They must become willing and eager members of a team devoted to exploring the potential of the machines. The challenge can be severe and painful."

In the mid 1980s, the newspaper craft unions got an inkling of just how severe and painful that challenge could be, when the Tribune Company employed the new technology to transform the fortunes of its failing flagship, the *Chicago Tribune*. The results were spectacular. Profits soared from 6 to 8 per cent on operating costs in the late 1970s to a thumping 20 to 25 per cent—making it one of the most profitable businesses in the country. The price was a strike that the management broke almost effortlessly. And, along with the strike, it broke the unions that called it.

Emboldened by glittering rewards in Chicago, the company's management decided to administer the same remedy to its New York property, the *Daily News*, a technological dinosaur which over a decade had managed to transmute $4 billion in revenue into a $100-million loss. All that stood in the way were the New York craft unions, cocooned from technological reality by labor contracts enshrining time-honored abuses such as featherbedding, over-manning, restrictive practices, and pay for unworked overtime. The craft unions, the managers confidently assured themselves, would either submit or go the way of their Chicago counterparts. Instead, the company was to discover that the Big Apple plays by a set of rules different from those that prevail in the rest of the country. In this case, the union won—albeit quite by accident.

Mr. Vigilante deals sympathetically with both management and unions—which is far better than either deserves. The management side seems to have been dominated largely by humorless prigs whose hamfisted ineptitude cost their shareholders millions upon millions of dollars. Not only did they misjudge the brutal determination of a significant number of the latter-day Luddites facing them across the negotiating table, they failed to grasp the political dimensions of strike-breaking in a city where some 40 per cent of the workforce are union members.

Events leading up to the strike call, its violent aftermath, and the unions' victory are researched and related in masterly fashion. Perhaps the most

Father Hawtin, rector of St. Stephen's Traditional Episcopal Church in Baltimore, Maryland, was formerly a foreign correspondent with the Times *of London and the* Financial Times, *and a member of the editorial board of the* New York Post.

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shocking revelation is that New York government officials, the police, and even the press turned a blind eye on a vicious terrorist campaign against the *Daily News*'s management and forced the paper's sale to publishing tycoon and soon-to-be-unmasked embezzler Robert Maxwell. It is deeply disturbing that more than one thousand serious crimes of violence took place without a major outcry from the press or so much as a murmur from Governor Mario Cuomo or then–Mayor David Dinkins, both of whom were deeply indebted to organized labor.

As both the record of a strike and a treatise on the future of organized labor, this book makes compelling reading. Mr. Vigilante argues persuasively that the new technology is ending the thralldom in which unions have held much of U.S. industry for the best part of five decades. The proportion of unionized workers in the private sector has fallen from around the 30 per cent mark in the 1950s to 11.5 per cent in 1992, and the declining trend seems set to continue.

But dancing in the streets seems decidedly premature. It would be a grave mistake to put down this book secure in the assumption that all of America's labor unions will either go the way of the dinosaur, or evolve into organisms infinitely more benevolent. The U.S. Bureau of Labor Statistics reports that the number of public-sector employees rose from 15.9 million in 1983 to 18.8 million in 1993—an increase of almost 19 per cent—and this has largely offset the shrinkage of union membership in the private sector. Bureau surveys indicate about 38 per cent of federal, state, and local government workers are members of labor unions, while another 44 per cent who are not actually members pay dues to unions and are represented by them.

This gives the public-sector unions enormous political and financial clout with the politicians who are theoretically their masters. The public-sector unions by no means confine their activities to matters associated with pay and working conditions, and the baleful nature of the influence they are able to exercise on public policy is implicit in Mr. Vigilante's account of the *Daily News* strike. Did New York's politicians and police avert their eyes from the beatings, fire bombings, and hijackings out of sympathy for the thuggish members of a small craft union? Or might they have been dancing to the tune called by New York's powerful public-sector unions, which had thrown their support behind the newspaper workers?

It is, moreover, a public-sector union —the National Education Association —that presents what appears to be the greatest single threat to Mr. Vigilante's "post-industrial renaissance." The vast teachers' union is one of the main pushers of "Outcome-Based Education" (OBE), a can of worms touted as the educational trend of the future. OBE fosters peer-group solidarity in place of the spirit of competition, self-esteem in place of a meticulous attention to detail. Such "skills" are surely more suited to the pre-industrial past than the post-industrial future. The NEA seems determined to educate a new generation of trade unionists whether America likes it or not. □

A Good Cold Shower

RADEK SIKORSKI

AT A TIME when billions of dollars in Western taxpayers' money are pouring into Moscow to support Russian economic reforms, the very title of Marshall Goldman's latest book is something of a cold shower. After all, the reforms, following painful fits and starts, seem finally to be making some headway: Russian interest rates reflect the cost of capital, the ruble is convertible, a privatization of sorts is in full swing, the majority of Russians are now said to be working in the private sector.

Lost Opportunity: Why Economic Reforms in Russia Have Not Worked, by Marshall I. Goldman (Norton, 300 pp., $22.50)

Surely, Marshall Goldman must be exaggerating. But he predicted that *perestroika* could not succeed, so we should consider what he says when he goes

Mr. Sikorski is NR*'s roving correspondent.*

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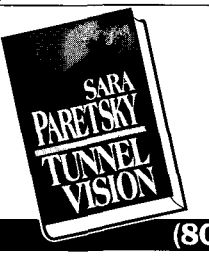

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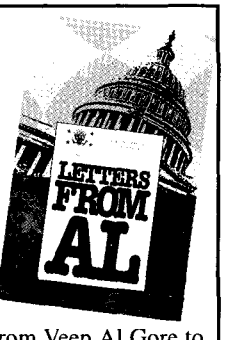

of correspondence from Veep Al Gore to pen pal "Rusty." ***Letters from Al*** is the softcover collection of 25 too-funny and too-real Al epistles about the inner doings at the Clinton White House. It's just $8.95 (that covers all charges) direct from *National Review*. Makes a great gift!

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against the grain of current wisdom yet again. *Lost Opportunity* is an overview of the successes and failures of efforts to reform Communist economies from China to Poland, and if its conclusions about Russia are unpalatable, we should not therefore shoot the messenger.

At bottom, Mr. Goldman says, reforms in Russia will be much slower and more erratic than elsewhere in the former Communist world, because Russian culture is deeply anti-capitalist. Nor was Russia served well by Mikhail Gorbachev's tinkering with the command economy or Boris Yeltsin's indecisiveness in the wake of the August 1991 coup. Russia's entry into the modern world has also been delayed by successive legislatures' failures to allow private ownership of land, by the public's visceral hostility to foreign investment, and by a bureaucratic ethos which thinks nothing of breaking contracts or wiping out savings. In fact, half-hearted reform has been tried for so long—next March will mark the tenth anniversary of Mr. Gorbachev's rise to power—that opportunities for a relatively smooth transition to the market have now evaporated.

There is no contradiction between saying that elements of macroeconomic stability have been put in place in Russia, and accepting Mr. Goldman's gloomy predictions about the country's future. The macroeconomic disciplines mean that Russia is approaching a great crunch—the long-delayed meeting with reality. Only now that credits are beginning to have to be paid in real terms and goods really sold to customers will we see the outcome of seventy years of economic madness and ten years of dabbling with reform. Thousands of factories will go bust; whole towns and industries will shut down; millions of workers will lose their jobs and become easy prey for demagogues. The alternative is to prop Russia up with funny money and see an even bigger disaster at the next turn of the cycle. Either way, the social and political dislocation is going to be Biblical in proportions. Russia has already missed its chance to become a capitalist country in the normal, Western mold, or even in the Italian one, which most of Eastern Europe seems to be embracing. It is going down the road of anarcho-capitalism in the manner of Nigeria, or Latin America in the worst days. Such a system is unlikely to rest on the secure foundation of broad social support.

One might object that "shock therapy" has succeeded before, most notably in Poland, which now enjoys macroeconomic stability and buoyant growth. Within five years, a command economy that used to do most of its trade with its Comecon partners has metamorphosed into a free-market economy which trades mostly with the West. Why can't Russia follow where Poland has led? But there are several differences, some quantifiable, others less so. First, the Soviet economy was dominated by state-owned monopolies to a much greater degree than the Polish economy. Unlike in Poland, agriculture and even the smallest service outlets were nationalized. Secondly, the disruption in Poland's trade from the breakup of Comecon does not even compare with what Russia has suffered from the collapse of the Soviet Union. Third, Poland started developing its trading class in the 1970s and 1980s, when millions of Poles traded in the markets of Vienna, Berlin, and Istanbul, and worked on London building sites. In only forty years of socialism Poles never entirely forgot the capitalist work ethic or the principles of commerce, and they have been relearning them for twenty years now. Above all, it is easier to reform a homogeneous country of 40 million than a multinational empire (which the Russian Federation in some senses remains) stretching from Europe to Asia. As the Russians themselves say, Russia is like a big oil tanker and Poland is like a speedboat. It takes much longer to turn around a tanker than it does a speedboat.

Unlike many academic economists, Mr. Goldman is not shy about bringing into the debate such crucial intangibles as national mentality, historical experience, and human error, factors that are impossible to capture in statistics yet are often decisive. His case studies of successes and failures of foreign investments and local reform efforts are also strikingly illuminating.

I would particularly recommend this book to Strobe Talbott, President Clinton's gaffe-prone Russia supremo. Only in the light of the facts laid out in this book can we fully appreciate how much damage he inflicted when he advised the Russian government to pursue "less shock and more therapy"—this at a time when the Russian Central Bank was under the control of an anti-reform legislature and printed worthless money with abandon. Before he puts his foot in it again, Mr. Talbott should immerse himself in this superb volume. Beside getting it right, *Lost Opportunity* is accessibly written, and bloody well timed, too. □

That Wascally Pwofessor

TERRY TEACHOUT

SELF-CONSCIOUSNESS is the curse of a high culture with shallow roots. That's why American popular art at its not-infrequent best is so much better than, say, your average first novel by a promising young American writer (especially one who went to graduate school). Yes, the market often squashes art down to its lowest common denominator, and you end up with gangsta rap or professional football. But every once in a while, it also creates a working environment whose narrow confines mysteriously free the artist from what W. H. Auden called "the fetters of Self," and then you end up with Fred Astaire—or Chuck Jones.

For those not in the know, Chuck Jones is the creator of Wile E. Coyote and the Road Runner, and if that doesn't impress you, go talk to Professor Hugh Kenner, whose latest book is this monograph in the new "Portraits of American Genius" series from the University of California Press. Mr. Kenner, as readers of this journal are aware, knows a thing or two about art, and when he compares

Chuck Jones: A Flurry of Drawings, by Hugh Kenner (California, 128 pp., $16)

Mr. Teachout, arts columnist of the New York Daily News *and associate editor of* The New Dance Review, *is the editor of* A Second Mencken Chrestomathy, *to be published by Knopf in January.*

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Mr. Jones to Buster Keaton, lesser folk would do well to listen up.

Chuck Jones was the most imaginative of the half-dozen men who directed cartoons for Warner Brothers between 1930, when the first Looney Tunes cartoon was released, and 1963, when Warner stopped producing animated shorts. In addition to directing the Road Runner and Pepé Le Pew series (as well as dozens of superior one-shot cartoons), Mr. Jones was mainly responsible for the definitive versions of Bugs Bunny and Daffy Duck. It was his inspired notion to make Bugs an urbane boulevardier who went ballistic only in response to intolerable provocation and, conversely, to turn Daffy into a walking id, a twitching mass of terror, vanity, and greed who, in Mr. Jones's words, "rushes in and fears to tread at the same time."

Mr. Jones had plenty of competition throughout the Forties and Fifties, not only at his own studio but at MGM, where Tex Avery was cranking out six-minute exercises in surrealist slapstick that remain watchable to this day. But it is Mr. Jones's best cartoons, among them "Duck Amuck," "One Froggy Evening," "What's Opera, Doc?" and "Rabbit Seasoning," that have lodged most firmly in the collective consciousness of the baby-boom generation, and rightly so. Says Professor Kenner: "Should you ever face the solemn task of preserving just one six-minute instance from the unthinkable thousands of hours of animated footage that's accumulated since —oh, since 1914, you'd not go wrong in selecting 'a Jones.' "

According to Mr. Kenner, the high quality of the Warner shorts owed much to the fact that they were created not by posterity-conscious "artists" but by craftsmen on tight budgets who were left alone by the front office as long as they hit their deadlines: "Like the 60,000-word novel, the six-minute cartoon derives its tautness from an economy imposed by commerce, not art. Art can work within that economy . . . the Warner system, albeit by inadvertence, guaranteed a niche where miracles could happen: where 'Art,' an overused word, is fitfully applicable."

Chuck Jones brought to this peculiar trade a stiff dose of what can only be described as classicism. The Road Runner cartoons, for instance, were all made according to self-imposed rules of the utmost strictness: "When the Coyote fell off [the cliff], I knew he had to go exactly 18 frames into the distance and then disappear for 14 frames before he hit." That may seem like a lot of brainwork for so unassuming a product. So it was—which is why Mr. Jones's cartoons have been playing on TV every Saturday morning for the last quarter-century. They haven't dated, and they hold up.

Dozens of books, some of them good, have been written about Chuck Jones and his contemporaries. What makes this one special is that it is the work of a first-rate critic, a man experienced in the subtle art of seeing. Here, to take one particularly choice example, is Hugh Kenner on Mr. Jones's greatest creation:

> The Road Runner saga, all four-plus hours of it, relies on just one theme, seemingly inexhaustible. That is Wile E. Coyote's persistence in pursuit of what was once a potential snack and has long since mutated into an ideal conquest. The viewer of a new installment has seen all of it before and yet seen none of it before. The setting is always an idealized American Southwest, paradise of bluffs and canyons and vast spaces. Trucks or freight trains intrude sparingly, their human denizens never visible. Also mail brings wares of the Acme Company, which invariably malfunction. (But not grossly; no, subtly. The defect that sends the Coyote yet one more time off the cliff is as minute as the programming error that can cost NASA yet another satellite.)

That Mr. Kenner should have devoted such well-chosen words to Wile E. Coyote will doubtless exasperate more than a few stalwart defenders of high culture. But there is a big difference between what he has to say about Wile E. Coyote and what most academics have to say about anything at all: Mr. Kenner has no ideological axe to grind. Nowhere does he refer to cartoons as texts, or suggest that "Bully for Bugs" is every bit as good as *The Wings of the Dove*, or complain that "Ali Baba Bunny" privileges grey rabbits over black ducks. Instead, Hugh Kenner simply takes Chuck Jones's 204 Looney Tunes and Merrie Melodies at their proper value—as artful pieces of comic craftsmanship—

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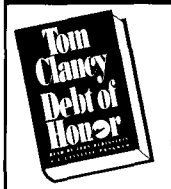

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and explains why they make him laugh.

The result is a balanced and illuminating exercise in critical appreciation which is not only the best thing ever written about Hollywood animation but one of the best things ever written about any aspect of American popular culture. This is exactly the sort of book somebody ought to write about Raymond Chandler or Johnny Mercer or *Cheers*: shrewd, stylish, and very much to the point. Not unlike a Chuck Jones cartoon, in other words. □

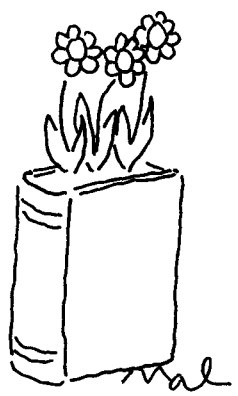
FILM

On Slippery Slopes

JOHN SIMON

HAVING despised Michael Tolkin's pretentious and godawful *The Rapture*, and having had scant use for his supposedly acerb but actually toothless screenplay for *The Player*, I expected little from his current ***The New Age***. I can't say that I got much more than that, but here and there this movie about Los Angeles that is *not* about the movie industry shows signs of life. They are mere spasms of vivacity and veracity, but even that is an improvement.

The main problem with the film is that it feels contrived and programmatic—*voulu*. Mr. Tolkin is hell-bent on delivering a moral sermon on the emptiness of Los Angeles lives and does not concern himself with piddling problems such as motivation and believability. Peter Witner is mildly censured by his boss and, in a pique, walks out on his cushy job. His wife, Katherine, works in publicity, and finds out that her best account has gone bankrupt, thus imperiling her job. That both Witners should, at the same moment, find themselves unemployed or nearly, and under such unconvincing circumstances, is specious at best, but the homiletic point is to start them on a slippery slope even if one has to grease it oneself.



Peter spends the afternoon making love to his wealthy mistress; Katherine goes off on a shopping spree. That night the spouses have strange, impersonal sex, and make profound, New Age comments about it: "It's not fair, the way you make love to me: it's as if you weren't here." "There are a lot of things we aren't saying." To celebrate their emancipation from their jobs, the Witners throw a huge party, to which Peter's mistress (who is also Katherine's friend) comes, and at which Peter tries unsuccessfully to seduce another young woman. Katherine does better: she starts an affair, allegedly her extramarital first.

The spouses deliberate endlessly and aimlessly about what to do now, so as to maintain the easy life in their drop-dead gorgeous Art Deco house. She talks about starting a chic optician's shop, but they end up launching a fabulous fashion boutique. Peter thinks up the name for it—Hipocracy—and forthwith makes it clear that naming it interested him more than running it. Katherine at least makes a sincere effort; Peter seems just as willing to offend potential clients as to wait on them. When there are financial troubles, he attempts to borrow from his playboy father, now living with the young woman Peter tried to pick up at his party. Dad writes him a not-so-generous check that promptly bounces. And so on down.

We get weird New Age death rites, parties featuring S&M activities, pontifications from a Belgian guru who runs a desert ashram, a feminist fireside ceremony, and a lot of trendy lingo (e.g., "cut to the chase"), while the boutique, of course, languishes. But why? Screwballs that the Witners are, they're just the folk to flourish on Rodeo Drive with their knock-your-socks-off boutique. But that would ruin Mr. Tolkin's sermon. Only after a series of intensifying humiliations are the Witners let off the hook, with our writer-director supplying his customary gutless ending.

The difficulty with such a superficial and unlikable hero and heroine is that it's hard to care about their downfall. And I am not sure whether Mr. Tolkin himself knows what to make of them. He seems attracted by what he may consider their hip, cool way of dealing with life, yet he must also deplore their fumbling amateurishness. Finally, he doesn't tell us much about them, being perhaps just as superficial as they are, and writing and directing his movie in much the same way they run their boutique.

Yet, as I mentioned, there are moments that ring true. A scene in a massage parlor (the legitimate kind) where both the Witners and their lovers are being worked over in their respective cubicles open at the top, and carry on an elaborate conversation without seeing one another, is amusing in its manipulative way. And the female death-facilitator, Sarah Friedberg (played by one Rachel Rosenthal), is a truly frightening figure who could well scare you to death. Huge, bald, and bizarre—a kind of larger-than-life Erich von Stroheim in drag—Sarah does convey something about our debasement of death.

Though not especially well directed, the film is aptly cast. As Peter Witner, Peter Weller (I am always suspicious of authors who use shortcuts to naming their characters) has the right look: a cross between a playboy and a corpse—a kind of cadaverous dapperness shuttling between languor and rancor. As Katherine, Judy Davis is no less on target: frizzy hair verging on the frazzled, nerve ends wearing a permanent, serenity suffused with suspicion. Equally good are Adam West as Peter's father and Corbin Bernsen as, briefly, his employer. Samuel J. Jackson contributes his usual savvy as a telephone scam artist.

■ A scam if you will—albeit a lighter and sweeter one—is what ***Princess Caraboo*** is about, a rare movie these days for viewers of almost all ages. Based on a true story, it tells of a mysterious vagrant who roamed the English countryside (in the film the year is given as 1817; in actuality it was a bit later), though vagrancy then was punishable by hanging. Yet Princess Caraboo, as she was known, hung in there, with her imposing looks, formidably outlandish attire, com-

Mr. Simon is NR*'s film critic.*

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manding ways, and an inscrutable language. One guess is that she was the daughter of a Javanese king, abducted by pirates but able to jump ship.

The film concerns the turbaned Caraboo's adventures in and around Bristol, with the family of a rich but shady banker, Mr. Worrall. It is the kindly Mrs. Worrall who takes in Caraboo, outfits her with fine garments, and makes her a member of the family, to the amazement of the servants and sardonic disbelief of Frixos, the Greek butler. A splendidly showy cynic, Frixos hounds the allegedly non-English-speaking Caraboo with whispered warnings that he spat, indeed worse, in her soup, which she receives with unruffled incomprehension and undimmed appetite. The corrupt and lecherous Worrall, who sees harboring a princess as a boost to business, and various friends and associates swarm around the princess in adulation; only John Gutch, a crusading newspaper editor, sets about tracking down the truth about her.

Gutch wants her to be an impostor, so as to prove an embarrassing joke on Worrall and his likes; but he wouldn't mind if she really were a princess because, like most men, he is attracted to her. Why, even the fuddyduddy Oxford don, Wilkinson, called in to examine her, starts out totally skeptical but goes to pieces over her as he examines the elaborate tattoos on her shapely thighs, a case of a medium clearly more important than the message imprinted on it. When Caraboo is presented to the Prince Regent at his ball, the royal rake likewise flips, and the Worralls have to abduct her from his clutches. Through all this, Mrs. Worrall acts as the girl's guardian angel, but then, Caraboo herself is no pushover, and can take pretty good care of herself, even if she is preternaturally unable to learn English.

Michael Austin, the apt British director, co-wrote the screenplay with John Wells, who plays the small part of a clergyman. They have added a somewhat farfetched romance to the actual story, but it is charming and yields the desired fairy-tale effect. The cast is outstanding, save for Phoebe Cates as the protagonist. Miss Cates has an insuperably contemporary quality, and she is not much of an actress. Early on, she has only two expressions, sulky and smug, which, in the absence of non-gibberish dialogue, does not enable her to accomplish much. Later, she does improve somewhat, and the excellence surrounding her helps carry her through.

Her real-life husband, Kevin Kline, is an understated riot as the pernickety Frixos, and Steven Rea, though looking more unmade-beddy than ever, is a most engaging Gutch. Wendy Hughes is irresistible as Mrs. Worrall, and the amusing Jim Broadbent, who is popping up everywhere these days, is a fine, philandering scoundrel of a Worrall. John Lithgow contributes a splendidly fussy bit as the deflatable academic, and Anna Chancellor is striking as Caraboo's former employer, should the girl prove to be Mary Baker, a runaway maid. The cinematography is by a reliable old expert, Freddie Francis, and production and costume design are in similarly dependable hands. Whether the young woman turns out to be a princess or a charlatan, you the audience are guaranteed a princely time of it.

■ The Argentine filmmaker Maria Luisa Bemberg has a fascinating life story. Born in 1925 into one of Buenos Aires's richest families, she had her creative instincts pretty nearly stifled by parents, marriage, and multiple motherhood, and by entrenched social conventions. It was not until her divorce in middle age that she could fully embrace the theater, and not until she turned 56 that she shot her first film. Since then, she has made several movies, rather more provocative than good, but at least noteworthy for their daring.

Her current ***I Don't Want to Talk about It*** concerns a worldly, mature man's passionate love for a midget, and Miss Bemberg acquired the story before she had found the midget actress. Alas, she had to settle for a dwarf, of no great looks or talent. And, as director and co-writer, Miss Bemberg is unable to persuade us that, in a small Argentine town circa 1930, a dashing middle-aged Italian and a tiny intellectual overprotected by a strong mother could form the kind of privileged relationship leading to marriage. Especially since the attractive and energetic Luisina Brando, who plays the mother, is also available to our hero. And what a hero: Marcello Mastroianni, as winning as ever, and surely more likely to choose a nubile mom than a toothy dwarf. □

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SOUND ON DISC

Prayer Lives

RALPH DE TOLEDANO

IT WILL come as a shock to those who argue that prayer is now an unmentionable that a recording of Gregorian chant, by the Benedictine Monks of Santo Domingo de Silos, has been selling very well internationally, and topped Spain's hit parade for many months of this year and last. This does not mean that the streets of Madrid, Barcelona, and San Sebastian are echoing to young voices singing *Veni sancte spiritus* or *Hosanna filio David*—two of the introits, graduals, antiphonals, etc. on this CD (issued in the United States by Angel/EMI as *Chant*). But it reminds us that in Siena, for example, the annual race over the city's cobblestones cannot begin until the horses are brought into the cathedral and blessed. For the poor and benighted people of Europe, the hunger for God is not considered carcinogenic, and ritual is part of life's rhythms.

■ That fact is manifest in the accretion of liturgical and sacred music on CD—though we must put the edge of the blade to this when we consider Franz Schubert. He wrote some thirty religious compositions, commissioned as "occasional" works and written in tandem with his open condemnation of the Catholic Church and of religion, much of it prompted by his sexual frustrations and inadequacies. But certainly what he wrote for religious occasions was far more than over-the-counter production. His Mass in A Flat and his *Deutsche Messe*, released by Sony in its Vivarte series, show full involvement—and we know that Schubert confessed to friends that he was expressing a private faith. The Mass in A Flat, though more ambitious musically, does not genuflect to the unbuttoned soul, as does its companion piece. For the *Deutsche Messe* has more compact richness and melodic beauty than all of Schubert's *Lieder* put together. These lovely approaches to immortality receive a sensitive and expressive performance by the Wiener Sängerknaben, the Chorus Viennensis, and the Orchestra of the Age of the Enlightenment.

■ That *commedia per musica*, Mozart's *Le Nozze di Figaro*, adjures us that the profane, too, has virtues—and many of them. The *Nozze* is as full of light as Mozart's other great opera, *Don Giovanni*, is cast in shadows. For *Giovanni*, which too many associate with Leporello's *Madamina* aria, taps lightly on the door of Hell, whereas the *Nozze*, in which Lorenzo da Ponte's libretto might well be compared to one by Lorenz Hart, sparkles and laughs and patents all the tricks with which the musical-comedy stage of the Twenties, Thirties, and Forties was invested. "*Se a caso, madama,*" which heralds things to come shortly after the curtain rises, could have been resurrected in *The Boys from Syracuse*. The rousing "*Non più andrai,*" which I bellowed out to troops on Army marches when posteriors were dragging and the weaker men had fallen by the wayside, remains a summation of the Selective Service Act. And there is loveliness in the "*Voi che sapete,*" which, though it does not rival *Giovanni*'s "*Là ci darem la mano,*" still says it. It is wonderfully done—among the finest of operas—in Sony's recording by the Orchestra & Coro del Maggio Musicale Fiorentino, conducted with *brio* by Zubin Mehta.

■ While on the subject of musical comedy, let us give praise to famous men—namely W. S. Gilbert (who affronted Queen Victoria and therefore was not knighted) and Sir Arthur Sullivan (who preferred music to words, and therefore was). Much credit has been given to the D'Oyly Carte company for the success of Gilbert & Sullivan's musical comedies, and certainly it added more than somewhat to the words and the music. But I have always contended that the scores are sturdy enough to stand by themselves. To my ears this has never been put to the test—and it

Mr. Toledano's classic essay collection, Frontiers of Jazz, *has just been re-issued by Pelican Publishing Company in Gretna, Louisiana.*

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is the D'Oyly Carte G&S that Sony has turned to in issuing the major works on CD. *HMS Pinafore* is frequently cited as the greatest, but I have always held out for *Iolanthe* and *The Pirates of Penzance*. In *Iolanthe*, there are verses that should be sung before each session of the Senate—if, of course, the leadership is in good voice. Who has said it better than this?

When Britain really ruled the waves,
In good Queen Bess's time,
The House of Peers made no pretense
To intellectual eminence
Or scholarship sublime.
Yet Britain won her proudest bays
In good Queen Bess's glorious days . . .

When Wellington licked Bonaparte,
As every child can tell,
The House of Peers throughout the war
Did nothing in particular
And did it very well.
Yet Britain set the world ablaze
In good King George's glorious days.

And while the House of Peers withholds
Its legislative hand,
And noble statesmen do not itch
To interfere in matters which
They do not understand,
As bright will shine Great Britain's rays
As in King George's glorious days.

■ I was the only reporter in the concert hall when Pablo Casals, who was rehearsing the orchestra for his return to performance—he had not played in public in ten years, in protest of the victory of Francisco Franco in the Spanish civil war—dropped the baton and was helped off the stage, stricken by a heart attack. The day before, he had granted me an interview, but insisted on talking about honor and the dignity of man, like someone out of *For Whom the Bell Tolls*—contemplatively smoking his pipe and looking at the small Catalan flag on his piano—when I wanted him to talk about music. He was, after all, not merely a great cellist and a great musician, but someone who, in fingering, bowing, and the use of vibrato, had revolutionized the playing of a difficult instrument. As a conductor, however, Casals does not rank at the top of the list. So it is a pity that Sony, in issuing its *Casals Edition*, has stressed the orchestral works, and not Casals as soloist or in trios and quartets, where he can be heard delineating a style and a method. Hear him in Beethoven's Piano Trio Opus 97 and Piano Trio Opus 11 and you will realize just how he highlights and enunciates a score. In his conducting of the Perpignan Festival Orchestra in Mozart's *Sinfonia Concertante*, with William Primrose (viola) and Isaac Stern (violin), and the Violin Concerto No. 5 (*Turkish*), with Erica Morini as soloist, this listener found very fine solo playing, but felt no spark in the performance as a whole. □

BOOKS IN BRIEF

Letters from Al, from NATIONAL REVIEW *(Andrews and McMeel, 75 pp., $5.95)*

HISTORIANS may someday turn to Bob Woodward's *The Agenda* for the definitive account of the Clinton Administration's first zany year. Fine—but they will be seriously misled if they do not simultaneously consult this just-released collection of NATIONAL REVIEW's "Letters from Al," which, unlike Mr. Woodward's accumulation of mere detail, reveals essences. Here we see our Vice President in all his oaken glory, along with the scheming Tipper, the omnicompetent Dr. Gergen, the elfin George S., and the imperial HRC with her perpetual PMS. Our President, of course, is most often glimpsed at table. Our Vice President may be obtuse, but his literary gifts, as evidenced in these letters to his rainforest pal Rusty, cannot be underestimated. No student of the Clinton Administration will want to be without them, though sometimes more questions are raised than answered. Why *did* Donna Shalala and Molly Ivins want to take the Gore girls on that wilderness rafting trip?

—ANDREW FERGUSON

A Whole New Life: An Illness and a Healing, by Reynolds Price (Atheneum, 213 pp., $20)

THE novelist Reynolds Price gives a detailed account of his fight with spinal cancer and the aggressive treatment that left him paralyzed in the lower part of his body. Given his slim chance of survival at the start, and the brutal regimen of surgery, radiation, and drugs that lay ahead, Mr. Price might have been a good candidate for the ministrations of a euthanasia practitioner such as Dr. Jack Kevorkian. Yet, despite unfavorable odds and many "pitch black nights of roaring pain," he found the resources within himself, and in his admittedly unorthodox, unchurchly Christian faith, to "choose life." A bachelor (clearly of the sort once described as "confirmed"), Mr. Price could no longer enjoy the pleasures of sex, but he still managed to make for himself "a whole new life," centered on work, in the radically changed circumstances of a severe handicap—and to consider himself, in the end, "a grateful man." While Mr. Price's narrative is often grim, it is not despairing or self-pitying. Those of us who are typically less than courageous patients may find inspiration in the way he has made his ordeal redemptive without romanticizing or beatifying suffering. Much food for thought here on the mind–body connection, plus a real alternative to euthanasia: faith. —MATTHEW BERKE

All the Trouble in the World, by P. J. O'Rourke (Atlantic Monthly Press, 240 pp., $22)

P. J. O'ROURKE has come a long way from "How to Drive Fast on Drugs while Getting Your Wing-Wang Squeezed and Not Spill Your Drink." By that I mean not that he has continued to develop the conservative tendencies he seemed to demonstrate in his recent work (indeed, he has beat a hasty retreat into libertarianism), but rather that this latest collection of essays forms a largely, though not thoroughly, coherent and amusing treatise on all the fashionable problems of our day from the destruction of the rainforest to overpopulation, from Haiti to Somalia. Mr. O'Rourke has learned how to craft accounts of his diverse travels into a more or less unified whole. After a slow start, the book is O'Rourke at his best. In the former Yugoslavia, he writes, "the unspellables, were shooting the unpronounceables." He tags lefty environmentalists as "watermelons": "green on the outside, red in the middle." And he intersperses such gems with useful facts. My favorite: "13 of the 50 worst Superfund hazardous waste dumps were once recycling facilities."

—RICHARD SAMUELSON

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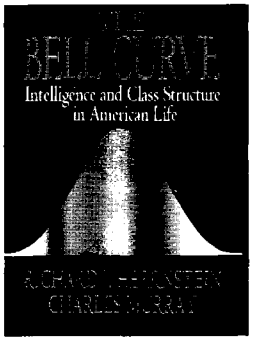

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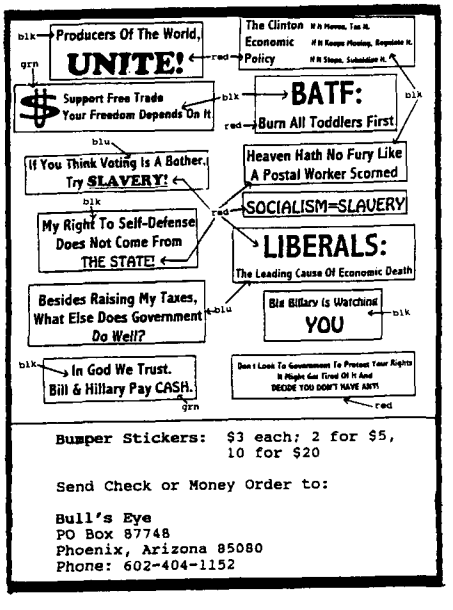
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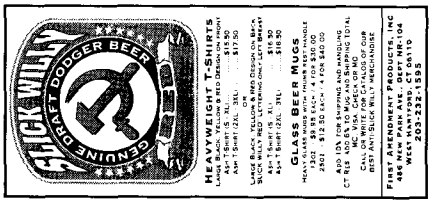

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POLSBY

(Continued from page 51)

cipients have been discharged from the rolls on Mr. Engler's watch, earning him predictable denunciations as mean-spirited.

Another of Mr. Engler's gambles involved NAFTA, more bitterly divisive in Michigan than anywhere else in the country. Many small businesses—the guts of Mr. Engler's constituency—were against NAFTA; opposing the treaty, or at least being lukewarm toward it, would have yielded him some political dividends. Many union members, sympathetic to Mr. Engler's tough stance on welfare, might have been well disposed to support him against a challenger like Howard Wolpe, the cerebral former congressman and former college professor who has now won the Democrats' nomination. But Mr. Engler, calculating that Michigan would eventually become one of the big winners from expanded international commerce, pushed very hard for NAFTA, and even traveled to Mexico City to plump for additional trade. Michigan companies already do nearly $2 billion of business with Mexico, and the figure is rapidly growing. Michigan has nothing to fear from foreign competition, Governor Engler continues to insist: if cheap labor sucked away jobs, then all the new factories should be built in Somalia.

Of course such arguments cut little ice in labor circles. For a time, Mr. Engler's popularity declined steeply. Six months ago, his re-election seemed in doubt. It now looks, though, as if the governor will make it. Current surveys have him comfortably ahead of Howard Wolpe and gaining as Mr. Wolpe's record, one of the most consistently liberal in the House of Representatives through the 1980s, becomes better known. 1994 is shaping up as a bad year to showcase a record of no-apologies liberalism.

Like George Voinovich, John Engler is often mentioned as vice-presidential timber. These suggestions must surely come from people who have never seen Mr. Engler on the stump. In any job where mass-marketing by television is a necessity, he is at an extreme disadvantage. The man is all substance. Can't have someone like that on a national ticket. □

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TRANS-O-GRAM / Kem Putney

1 D	2 K	3 B	4 M	5 F	6 U	7 A	8 E		9 H	10 C	11 L		12 J	13 I	14 D	15 R	16 P	17 Q	18 B	19 U	20 M
21 A	22 F		23 L		24 K	25 C	26 H	27 O	28 G	29 L	30 R	31 D	32 J	33 B	34 I	35 N		36 F	37 R	38 P	39 E
40 M	41 U	42 C	43 S	44 H		45 F	46 J	47 R		48 Q	49 N	50 T		51 D	52 B	53 A	54 K	55 M	56 U	57 H	58 F
59 G	60 R	61 E		62 I	63 V		64 Q	65 L	66 J	67 B	68 A		69 C	70 M	71 O		72 D	73 S	74 G	75 P	76 H
	77 V	78 N	79 F	80 D		81 E	82 U		83 L	84 M	85 G	86 K	87 O	88 C	89 U	90 T	91 I	92 B	93 P	94 Q	
95 F	96 N	97 D		98 U	99 R	100G		101O	102K	103B	104J	105U	106C	107E	108T	109L	110Q	111R		112Q	113S
114G	115D	116H	117V		118A	119R		120C	121K	122A	123E	124U	125M	126B		127M	128C	129F	130I	131B	132K
133V	134S		135I	136M	137O	138B	139A	140D	141L	142F	143N	144G	145C	146Q	147J	148E		149Q	150K	151E	
152L	153P	154V	155U	156G		157I	158F	159U	160G	161R	162D	163B		164H	165S	166N		167L	168T	169U	
170N	171C	172P	173A	174J	175R		176I	177O		178H	179E	180M	181J	182P	183T						

DIRECTIONS

A. First-class — 21 139 53 68 118 7 122 173

B. Sometimes it knocks — 131 138 52 33 67 163 3 103 92 18 126

C. By the book — 106 128 69 10 25 120 171 88 42 145

D. Lunarly awed — 14 51 72 140 1 31 97 115 162 80

E. Beatles hit — 148 123 8 179 107 39 151 81 61

F. The French celebrate it — 36 142 95 45 22 129 158 58 79 5

G. Type of seizure — 100 160 144 114 28 85 74 59 156

H. Recently acquired — 76 116 9 164 178 57 26 44

I. Governs, Cédras-style — 91 176 135 62 34 157 13 130

J. Like the bustle — 46 32 147 104 66 174 181 12

K. Nightly musical piece — 132 54 24 2 102 86 150 121

L. Classic river vessel — 141 167 65 83 29 152 11 23 109

M. Dangerous snake — 125 70 127 84 136 55 180 40 20 4

N. Ports — 49 78 170 143 96 166 35

O. Type of printing — 71 177 101 137 87 27

P. Asian beasts — 93 16 153 172 75 182 38

Q. Indigenous Riga residents — 64 110 48 112 146 149 94 17

R. Strong thief? — 175 99 15 30 111 37 119 60 161 47

S. Fauna's companion — 73 134 165 43 113

T. Pale (often through fatigue or emotion) — 90 183 168 50 108

U. Muleheaded — 89 124 98 19 105 82 159 155 41 169 6 56

V. Cowpoke's tool — 77 133 154 117 63

DIRECTIONS

The object of TRANS-O-GRAM is to fill in the puzzle diagram by guessing the words from their definitions, and transferring each letter of the guessed word to the correspondingly numbered square in the diagram. When the diagram is filled in it will spell out a quotation from some published work (reading normally from left to right, black boxes indicating the ends of words); also, when the words have all been filled in above, their initial letters will spell out the author and title of the quoted work. The acrostic feature, and the relative word-lengths in the diagram, will assist in the solution. Spelling and definitions on the authority of *Webster's Deluxe Unabridged Dictionary*, Second Edition.

Solution to Last Issue's Trans-O-Gram. GEORGE WILL: *The Third Strike:* "Said one owner, 'Before, in September, Michigan played Notre Dame and baseball was relegated to the back of the sports section.' The owners fixed that. This Saturday, Notre Dame plays Michigan and baseball is not in the back pages. It has disappeared."

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O, Say, Can You See?

NEW YORK, SEPTEMBER 23

No, madam, I will *not* wipe that smile off my face. After all, nobody has been killed—though that might not go on forever, I mean, every now and then people get killed in grand opera, so maybe it'll happen in opera bouffe.

. . . President Clinton faces a few problems. The first is of course the decompression of rhetoric. George Bush had that problem not very long ago. In the course of describing to the world the horror of Saddam Hussein he let drop that doing business with him was on the order of doing business with Hitler. That is what we call, in the rhetoric business, Going All the Way. It is a POSTULATE in the Grammar of Rhetoric that you CANNOT do business with Hitler, which means that any effort to do this is misguided and bound to fail.

Now Mr. Clinton didn't use the H-word in speaking of General Cédras, but it was the only word he didn't use. Someone reported that Dee Dee Myers was asked, after one press conference at which the heat on Cédras burned at ten thousand degrees centigrade, why the boss hadn't referred to Cédras's Hitlerism, and she reportedly blushed and said that to be "like" Hitler simply had to mean that the person you were describing had at least "a teensy bitsy bit of power." Hitler had his Panzer divisions; and Saddam's army had swept into Kuwait, was threatening Saudi Arabia, and had a half-million men up front, each one of them a world-class athlete with machine-gun barrels growing out of his fingertips. The questioner let it go. The Son of Sam was everything awful a human being could be, but to have called him a "Hitler" when his entire armory consisted of one razor blade would have been too much. The Haitian arsenal is made up of two jeeps and one Boston whaler, and that, as Miss Myers put it, "de-Nazified General Cédras."

But certainly the general would have qualified if he had been a nuclear power. So the problem got tougher and tougher on Sunday when Jimmy Carter just hung in there, and sent Colin Powell and Sam Nunn back from time to time to try to pacify the White House. The whole point, of course, was to put an end to Cédras right there and then, before the American planes landed that *were already in flight!*

"Waal, not a-quite," the voice of President Carter sounded from indoors.

Surely then to get him to leave the island?

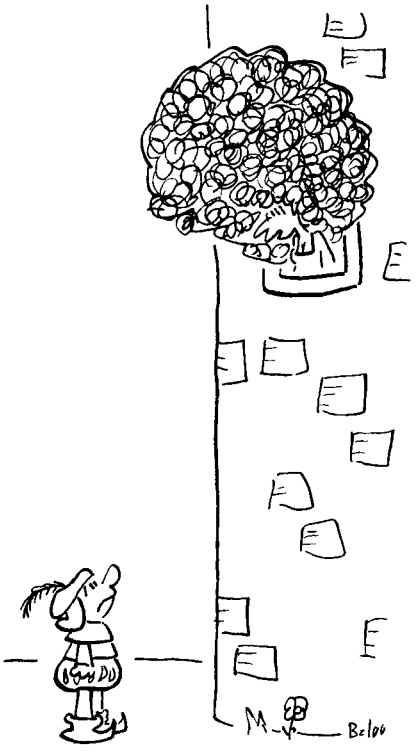
"Waal, all in doo course."

But when was doo course? October 15?

No. October 15 was when the new president would come in. But about the old president, the one who had raped all the women, slain all the children, murdered all the men, pillaged all the resources—what would we do to him? Hang him?

Vengeance is mine, saith the Lord, and Brother Colin and Brother Sam lowered their heads, just a little.

But what about all his confederates? After all, one Hitlerite general, or, more exactly, Hitlerite-*manqué* general, can rape only so many women in 24 months.



"Can you come back sometime when it's not so humid?"

There have to have been others, many others, engaged in such crimes?

Oh yes, said Jimmy Carter, the moisture visible in one eye. Yes, "everybody" done it.

Everybody?

Yes. Every member of the Haitian army, and every member, so far as records are kept, of the Haitian civil service, was guilty of one larceny, or one rape, or one murder. So what was the alternative to a general amnesty?

When—it was getting late on Sunday—the message reached the White House, put exactly that way, the President decided he would live up to the highest standards of his office. Quick notice was given to the stand-by Marine band, the doors of the portico overlooking the Rose Garden were opened, and the President declared . . .

—*a great victory for democracy, a tribute to the leadership of our armed services, to the high ideals and training of our fighting troops, and to the patient diplomatic skills of the team I sent over there to—to . . .*

You could not hear those last words. Dee Dee had signaled to the musicians to burst forth in song, overwhelming mere words. □

Mr. Clinton's Gamble

NEW YORK, SEPTEMBER 16

Mr. Clinton's bugle-blowing on Thursday wasn't a high moment in the exercise of the democratic self-government in whose name he proposes we march into Haiti. A *U.S.A. Today* poll shows a 15-percentage-point rise (from 41 to 56) in public approval of sending troops. The same poll informs us that before the speech, 43 per cent of Americans approved of Mr. Clinton's handling of the Haitian question. But if what the President said on Thursday is to be believed—that our own frontiers are challenged, that the entire world is looking over our shoulder to test our fortitude—then how is it that so large a percentage of the population approved the policy that led us to that brink? The end of statesmanship, the diplomatic axiom has it, is to avoid crisis. Leadership is sound when the Marines are not needed.

But of course Mr. Clinton's speech was self-discrediting. There was, to begin with, the phony business about the "international" imperative to rout General Raoul Cédras. The President went so far as to assure us that Poland and Bangladesh approved of an invasion. Why? Because "they think this is important to

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their future interest and their security." If a statement like that moves a public that hears it, the case for self-government is seriously set back. But Mr. Clinton was, as ever, so moved by his own thinking that he went so far as to say the United States has agreed to lead a multinational force—"to carry out the will of the United Nations." There just aren't that many Americans disposed to die for the United Nations, but then Mr. Clinton, having concluded that he had finally discovered someone his own size to pick on, had to come up with some reason for doing so.

And there is certainly every reason to hope for an end to the regime of General Cédras. Dan Rather's historic journalistic coup placed the general at a CBS mike to comment on the speech. Sometimes Providence obliges in arranging the physiognomy of evil creatures exactly reflecting their nature. General Noriega of Panama could not have been made to look more menacing if Walt Disney's artists had put his face together. And so it is with Cédras, with the face of someone who could quite routinely give orders to go out and shoot the orphans. All that the general said of interest in speaking with Dan Rather was that he was determined to fight and if necessary die for the honor of his country.

These words are written only hours after the President's speech, and events may write their own script. But of course nothing is clearer than that Mr. Clinton's entire maneuver is designed to get General Cédras to step into an airplane and buzz off to the south of France, which, along with Spain and Saudi Arabia, collects dictators who decide to rusticate. As the *U.S.A. Today* poll reveals, a summons to military action tends to mobilize public enthusiasm. But the popularity of military action tends to be short-lived, and whereas in Haiti we cannot expect anything vaguely resembling the Maginot Line, there will surely be a sniper or voodoo-spitter here and there. And when Father Aristide is back in the saddle there will be more people noticing his behavior than during his brief stay in office in 1991, when he effectively controlled any appetite he has for human rights.

The possibility has all along been real that Cédras will pull out, even as General Batista of Cuba decided back in 1959 to avoid a confrontation with the rebel Fidel Castro. Better a castle in Spain than a dungeon in Port-au-Prince, or indeed the firing squad. Mr. Clinton could not have made his point more clearly if he had interrupted his speech to focus a camera on General Noriega, pining away in a jail in Florida. Cédras isn't the type who embraces a cause larger than himself. A good Communist, a devoted Nazi, even a consecrated Ton-Ton Macoute can be expected to go down in flames for the honor of it all. General Cédras isn't made up that way, so that Mr. Clinton's gamble was a pretty good one. □

Reefer Madness At the Bar

NEW YORK, SEPTEMBER 27

It was at the second presidential debate, and the questioner addressed both President Bush and Challenger Clinton. "On the question of drug policy, it's been suggested that perhaps drugs should be legalized, the policy advocated by Milton Friedman and William F. Buckley Jr." Perhaps one has become a little sensitive on the matter, but the questioner pronounced those names as if he were going to add, ". . . and Groucho Marx." The debaters heatedly distanced themselves from any such position, and when Mr. Clinton assumed office the war against drugs went on uninterrupted, though there was a blip on the screen when Joycelyn Elders, the Surgeon General, blurted out that perhaps our drug policies ought to be reinvented. The whole of the Executive Branch descended on Dr. Elders with flame throwers, leaving no doubt in anybody's mind that if she had been a white male, she would have found herself an ex-employee of the Clinton Administration.

Given, then, the hard Establishment position on drugs it appears a fantasy what the Association of the Bar of the City of New York has come out with. The fifty-page report is titled, "A Wiser Course: Ending Drug Prohibition." There were dissenters in that august body of lawyers, but they turned out to be in the minority, and so we have, on the record, a recommendation by learned and experienced men and women that the nation pursue a different course from the Hundred Years War we have been fighting. And this was not a wild, extemporaneous session of the New York Bar. "In 1986, The Association of the Bar of the City of New York, responding to a general perception that criminal and civil sanctions against the manufacture, distribution, or possession of drugs were not 'solving,' or even ameliorating, the problems associated with drug use in our society, formed a Committee on Drugs and the Law to study our current drug laws . . ." As a practical matter, the Committee advocates the repeal of all federal legislation dealing with drugs, leaving it to the states to write their own policies. This will remind you of the Twenty-First Amendment: When Prohibition was repealed in 1933, each state was left free to write its own liquor laws.

The committee's report is patiently and methodically set down. The lawyers describe the impact of the drug laws on the judicial system. In some states it has become all but impossible to schedule a civil action, so clogged are the courts with drug-related cases. Twice as many Americans are in prison today as ten years ago. The drug war has become a war against drug users, and the result is a serious and comprehensive contraction of civil liberties. The narcs can do almost anything to you if you are suspect, and the law permits extraordinary penalties. The corruption is legendary—police, prison officials, and, one reasonably supposes, magistrates. To what end?

The committee asks that question undogmatically. Are fewer drugs being consumed, on account of the federal laws? No. Is it obvious that if drugs were legalized, the rate of drug consumption would dramatically rise? No—only 2 per cent of Americans say they don't use drugs because they are illegal. Aren't drug prosecutions paying off? No, they are not. Sending a man to prison for a year costs twice as much as sending him to a treatment center, where he has, on the record, up to a 70 per cent chance of kicking the habit. Aren't we rightly concerned over the violence that would result from legalization? There are only two drugs associated with violent behavior. What there is a great deal of is violent and anti-social behavior by men and women who in order to sustain their illegal habits are engaged every day in theft, mayhem, and prostitution.

As with the attempt to do away with alcohol, "drug prohibition is also a failure that causes more harm than the drug use it is purportedly intended to control. . . . The Committee recognizes the urgent and compelling need to make additional resources available for education and treatment. We believe that even at increased levels, however, treatment and education are not enough to control this country's drug problem. The Committee opposes the present prohibitionist system and recommends the opening of a public dialogue regarding new approaches to drug policy, including legalization and regulation." I swear, those mouthpieces at the New York Bar sound like John Brown. □

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Everything Passes, Even Time

A FEW years ago, back in my home town, some friends were giving me a lift to our high-school reunion. It was a two-day affair, and owing to my typical lassitude I had missed the opening festivities the night before. "You really should have gone," one friend said.

I was uncontrite. "Big deal," I said. "When we have our ten-year reunion, I'll go to every event, I promise. Ten years—that'll be the big one."

My friends looked at one another, then at me, and said together, "This *is* our ten-year reunion."

I'm not too good at dates. This is less my problem, I feel, than the problem of Time itself, which as I waddle into middle age accelerates beyond my capacity to keep up. The years swim into reality and dissolve almost at once, leaving behind no trace or memory. I notice, for example, that I opened the above paragraph with the phrase "a few years ago." To my chronologically challenged sensibility this feels right, but it is wrong. My ten-year reunion was precisely ten years ago—several more than a few. It was 1974 when I walked through the fire doors of my high school for what I vowed would be the last time, and it was just a few (several?) weeks ago when I passed through them again, for my twentieth reunion, my iron-clad vow dissolving like the intervening years.

1974—such, such were the joys! The professional service that arranged our reunion published a little directory of classmates. On the back cover was a generic list of memory-joggers about the year of our graduation—news headlines, top-ten songs, Oscar winners. These are the irrelevant stuff of TV documentaries narrated by Jane Pauley: "The year is 1974: Wichad Nixon wesigns, Hank Aawon hits his 715th homewun, and the kids wock out to Elton John's, 'Bennie and the Jets'!" Oh, hooey. A high-school kid's experience is impenetrable to news from the larger world. A more resonant list would have been, "Mr. Hake gives a bitch of a chem final, the price of cigarettes jumps to 55 cents, and Andy Ferguson learns to unclip Judy Paternak's bra with one hand!" Plus I hated Elton John. Still do.

I don't mean that we in the class of 1974 were immune to social trends. They got to us, profoundly. Kids lucky enough to have been born in 1956 sailed through the post-Woodstock, pre-Reagan window kicked in by our older brothers and sisters. Before 1970, the year we entered high school, student life was highly regulated, all the way down to the dress codes. Hall passes were required, monitors stalked the boys' rooms, smoking was strictly forbidden, class schedules hummed with the discipline of a POW camp.

Our arrival coincided with the ascendancy of the reformers. Suddenly we could come and go as we pleased, and mostly went. Designated smoking areas were established—ashtrays courteously provided. Fluffy classes in "film" and "independent reading" padded the curriculum, and copies of *Summerhill* filled the bookstore. We could dress in whatever fashion our bad taste conjured up. A thousand flowers bloomed, festooned with little buds of pot.

Folklore has it that upon graduation the class of '74 produced the smallest number of college-bound students our suburban, all-Republican Midwestern high school had seen in forty years. Some educrat in the school hierarchy saw cause and effect: open campus = lower academic rating = ticked-off parents = unemployed educrat. The window slammed shut again; hall passes and worse returned. I don't know how the school ranks these days, and though it's my job to have Olympian opinions I'm not sure how I feel about the long-gone reforms. I had more fun skipping school than attending it, but I now think fun is an overrated concept. The only lasting casualty I know of was my parents' 1971 Oldsmobile, which I totaled when I should have been in gym class. My parents got over it.

TWENTY years out my classmates seem relatively undamaged, too, with the usual allotment of creeps, gasbags, matrons, babes, dullards, and certifiably wonderful people. The reunion party itself—there was only one this year, in deference to our age—was the kind of hot, overstuffed affair I usually find unsatisfying: too many people, too little time. (Too much Scotch.) Back home now, hundreds of miles away, I take out the little reunion directory and leaf through it. I despise nostalgia, partly because I am so susceptible to it. This booklet is a powerful antidote.

We were invited to submit statements next to our names, and my closest friends, I noticed, maintained a dignified silence. From the others I read the intimations of affluence ("I've had many successful business ventures along with their financial rewards"), religious testimonials ("I walk with Jesus Christ"), and other strained confessions of importance. My favorite is a long-winded account from a woman desperate to impress the children of this Republican suburb. She once worked, she boasts, for Nicholas Brady. Imagine, in 1994, dropping the name of Nick Brady! Time accelerates but truth endures: the class of '74 is ineducable to the end.

—ANDREW FERGUSON

"Wait a minute. We can't all *have been chosen last when choosing sides for basketball."*

Mr. Ferguson is a senior writer for The Washingtonian.

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